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1917-1920

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EDITOR'S FOREWORD

This volume of historical papers is different in content from the books previously published by the Nevada Historical Society. No attempt has been made at scientific presentation of material, although Mr. Fletcher's article on the Great Basin raises a question which, when fully answered, may become a real contribution to the history of western exploration. The reminiscences of Mr. Peckham would suffer by any attempt to shape them into different form. To preserve his own very simple and human style of rendition is almost as important as to preserve his knowledge of events. We are therefore reproducing the articles as they were originally written for newspaper publication. In book form they will become available to many readers and help to make the past live again as only personal reminiscences can do. Another few years, and no longer will new original manuscripts of the earliest days of Nevada's life be possible to obtain. It is therefore with particular satisfaction that we present this group of papers.

JEANNE ELIZABETH WIER,
Secretary of the Nevada Historical Society.

November 17, 1920.

We are not responsible for personal opinions expressed in these papers. We print nothing which we have reason to believe is incorrect; but one purpose in the publication is to arouse criticism and discussion, and thereby to gain more information on these topics.

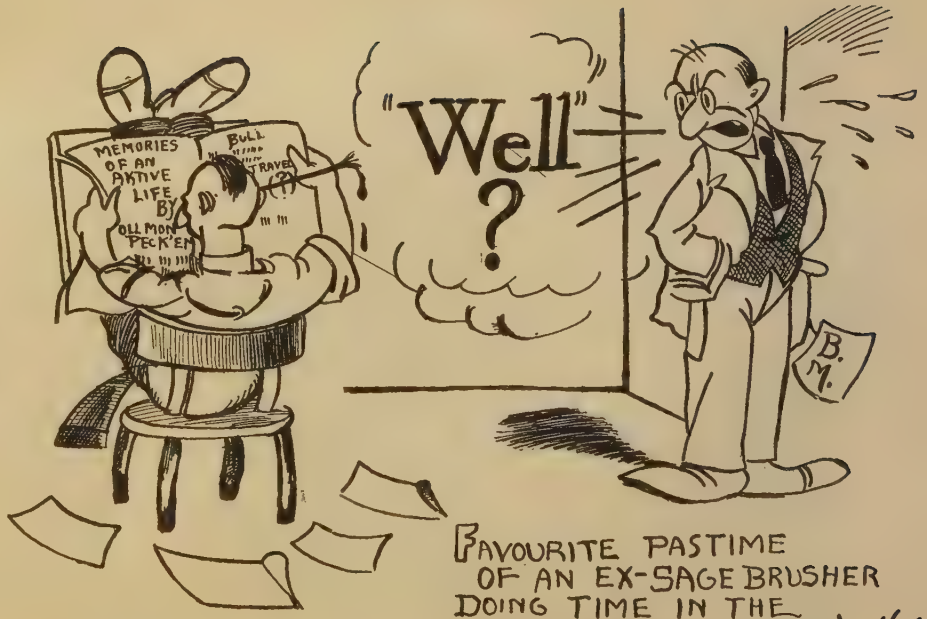
Reminiscences of An Active Life

BY

GEORGE E. PECKHAM

With Illustrations

Selling Gazettes With Peckham's Recollections



FAVOURITE PASTIME OF AN EX-SAGE BRUSHER DOING TIME IN THE NAYSHUNS CAPITULE! HYMERS

Reminiscences of An Active Life

By George E. Peckham

The writer of this sketch was born in Fall River, Massachusetts, on March 8, 1851. His father and a younger sister died of cholera in September, 1855. The cholera was an epidemic and invariably fatal. The mayor of the city and his three daughters were all well at noon and all took the cholera in the afternoon and were dead and buried before dark the same day.

As soon as a case of cholera was reported, a box and a horse and wagon were sent to the place and as soon as the patient died the body was put in the box and rushed with all possible speed to the graveyard and buried as quickly as possible.

My mother, an older sister and myself left Fall River in August, 1860, bound for San Francisco by way of New York City and the Isthmus of Panama. When the boat was off Cape Hatteras a fierce wind was raging which at times was quite gusty, with many hats being blown overboard. There was also an epidemic of sea-sickness. Many of the passengers

tried to reach the outside rail of the boat in time to prevent soiling the deck.

One elderly man succeeded in reaching the goal and, with one hand grasping the outside rail of the boat while the other hand was pressed against his stomach, a gust of wind lifted his hat and wig high in the air and both were blown far from the ship out into the ocean. Before he had time to realize his misfortune, his stomach gave a heave which loosened his false teeth and they with a large share of the contents of his stomach also went overboard, and when he turned his face away from the water towards the passengers on the boat it had such an expression of agony and hopeless despair as to make a lasting impression on the memory of those who witnessed it.

We crossed the Isthmus of Panama by rail and took another boat near Panama City and arrived in San Francisco about two weeks later. I was the only one of the family that was not seasick on the boat, but my strenuous appetite and overeating while on the journey made me pay dearly for it, for when we landed in San Francisco I was covered with many boils.

We put up at the Niantic hotel on Sansome street and on the following day William Vanderslice, a cousin, came to see me and to take me for a long walk to see the sights of the city. Although my right leg was shaped nearly like a rainbow on account of three large boils on and near the knee,

yet so great was the power of mind over matter, that the sights through Chinatown and other points of interest so enthused me that I was in my glory and had no thought of bodily ailments.

Although San Francisco only had a population of fifty-six thousand in 1860, it was a regular beehive of activity. The "Steam Paddy" was leveling the sand hills and filling in the swamps, and the ground so prepared was soon covered with streets and buildings.

With four candidates for President in 1860, it made the political campaign in San Francisco one of the most exciting in its history. Tom Fitch had just arrived from the East in time to stump the state for Lincoln and Hamlin, which he did with telling effect.

In the early '60s there were a few privileged characters in San Francisco. Among these was "Emperor Norton," who always wore his uniform, and there were two dogs called Lazarus and Bummer. One of these dogs died while I was residing in San Francisco, and a picture was published of an alleged funeral of this animal in which a large procession of men and dogs, with "Emperor Norton" at its head, were following the hearse. One of these pictures was in a news stand window on Second street.

"Emperor Norton" happened along and noticed the picture. A glance convinced him that he was the most conspicuous person in the picture of that

dog funeral and without any preliminary red tape he jammed his cane through the glass, knocking the picture over and passed on up the street. He was not even molested or reprimanded for breaking the window.

RESIDENCE IN SAN FRANCISCO DURING THE CIVIL WAR

I resided in San Francisco from Sepember 15, 1860, until March, 1863, and attended the Denman Grammar school on Bush street.

The big earthquake of 1862 occurred during school hours; a panic ensued and in the rush to get out the children got jammed so tight against the door it could not be opened until the earthquake was over. The same thing happened in three other rooms of the school building, which was damaged to such an extent that it took two weeks to repair it.

Leander Sherman, of the music firm of Sherman and Clay, and who was a cousin of mine, arrived in San Francisco from Boston in 1861. At that time I had become familiar with all the places of interest to a boy in the city, and acted as one of his guides.

Of course the first place we were headed for was Chinatown. The Chinese joss house and the Chinese theatre were great attractions but it took a

trained ear to appreciate the singing. A boy from the East on hearing it the first time would be reminded of a tomcat serenade, but the oftener it was heard and the longer it was listened to the better it sounded.

At the beginning of the Civil War, "Old John Brown" was the favorite war song but the words were not appropriate for the school. Other words were selected suitable for the school song, and the tune of "Old John Brown" was retained and was sung with a vim by the school children.

San Francisco was intensely patriotic during the Civil War. The celebration of the great Union naval victory of the little Monitor over the big Merrimac was the biggest celebration I ever witnessed. It seemed as if the whole of San Francisco and the surrounding country had turned out to celebrate and to witness the magnificent floats made to represent the Monitor and the Merrimac.

San Francisco did her share in full in furnishing lint for the wounded soldiers during the Civil War. Linen that had been in use was greatly preferred to new linen and was generously donated by the people of the city and the school children and many others spent much time in picking lint and preparing it for use.

San Francisco was not connected with the East by telegraph until some time in October, 1861. The news of the first battle of Bull Run, which was fought on July 21, 1861, came by pony express. A few Confederate flags were raised in the city but

they were quickly lowered and were never raised afterwards.

For a long time after the news began to arrive by telegraph it was often like reading a continued story. About the time the war news became very exciting the announcement would be made, "wires are down."

When we first arrived in San Francisco in 1860 omnibuses were in general use. There was a steam railroad a few miles in length running out to the Mission and the laying of rails for street horse cars did not begin on an extended scale until late in 1860 or 1861.

The flood of January, 1862, was the greatest flood that San Francisco and the state of California experienced from 1849 up to the present time. Practically all the basements and cellars in the city were flooded. More than twenty-four inches of rain fell in San Francisco that month. The city of Sacramento was flooded and the Sacramento valley was like an inland sea.

In March, 1863, we moved to a ranch about five miles from Danville and in a southeasterly direction from Mount Diablo. It was an ideal place for a city boy twelve years of age to get his first lesson in farming.

FARM LIFE IN CALIFORNIA AND JOURNEY TO NEVADA

The section of country around the ranch where I was to get my first lessons in farming was settled mostly by people from the border states of Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and "old Virginny," nearly all of whom wanted the South to win the war, and I being the only male Yank among them was looked upon with suspicion; but being a boy only twelve years of age was in my favor and we were soon on very friendly terms. I had to be very careful, though, about saying anything against Jeff Davis.

The farm work proved a pleasant occupation for me, and as I did not have to go to school, it enabled me to devote all my time to useful work. The sheep-herder generally went to Danville on Sunday and I herded the sheep during his absence. During the sheep-shearing season I became the regular sheep-herder and considered it a very honorable and responsible position.

There was very little improved machinery in use on the farm I was on. The land was too hilly and rough for a mowing machine and the wild oats were cut with scythes and the grain with cradles. This made much work for the grind stone, which was turned by hand, and I was the boy that did his share in full at this kind of circular work.

During the summer and early fall of 1863 much

of the stock on this farm was ready for sale—and, being a good all around pedestrian, I was selected to help drive the stock to market. The distance from the ranch to Oakland was thirty miles, which we sometimes made in less than a day with sheep, while it took two days to drive hogs the same distance. I enjoyed this work, and the healthful exercise developed the growth of my feet and lower limbs to such an extent that I was wearing a number ten boot or shoe before I was thirteen years old.

The winter of 1863-4 was one of disastrous drought in California, and much of the live stock died from starvation. Cattle and sheep would hardly sell for more than their hides were worth on account of the great drought.

Captain Card, an aged man living in San Francisco, was the owner of the farm, and a nephew named Ira Card was the manager. A brother of the manager, whose name was Jack Card and who was in the saw-mill business at Galena in Washoe county, Nevada, made a visit to his brother on the farm, and, as cooks were very scarce at Galena, engaged my mother to go to Galena to cook for his mill crew at double the pay she was getting on the farm. He could also find plenty of work for me.

Gentle reader, that is the combination of circumstances that caused George and his mother to come to Nevada.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

George Peckham With Mother and Sister Just Before Coming West

We left the ranch the latter part of March, 1864, bound for Galena. At San Francisco we took the boat for Sacramento; there we took the stage expecting to arrive in Carson City, provided nothing unusual happened on the trip. When we left Sacramento the roads were very dusty and full of chuck holes and the stage ride, while greatly enjoyed by me, was pretty tough on the older passengers who were not used to such jolts as they were getting inside of that stage.

Before we had gone very far it began to get cloudy and when we got to Placerville it was raining very hard and the great drought was broken. Here we changed from stages to mud wagons and when we got to one of the stations in the higher altitudes it was snowing so hard we had to stay over night at the hotel.

The next morning the snow was six feet deep and still threatening more snow. With men and oxen in the lead breaking the road, floundering through the snow in relays, we followed shortly afterwards at a slow pace in open sleighs. The snow was settling fast but we were overtaken by a cloud burst of snow that deposited another foot in about twenty minutes. It took us nearly one-half day to make the next station, a few miles distant.

The time was passed very pleasantly. The old stage driver was a splendid story teller who delighted the passengers with his graphic description of the deep snow of December, 1861, which was followed

by the tremendous down-pour of rain in January, 1862, that caused Lake Bigler, as Tahoe was called at that time, to rise much higher than at any time known of before by the whites, it being about twelve feet higher at that time than in 1864.

The scenery around the lake was grand beyond description, everything except the lake being clothed in pure celestial white. Many of the pine trees looked like huge pyramids of snow. It was a sight that could not soon be forgotten.

When we arrived at the next station the road had been broken by relays of stormbound teams and as the depth of snow was rapidly growing less, the mud-wagons or stages were again brought into use and we resumed our journey, arriving at Carson City that evening. The next day we took the stage for Washoe City and from there we traveled about three miles over what might be called the "ox team slow freight and pedestrian route," to the celebrated and lively town of Galena.

OLD TOWN OF GALENA IN 1864-65

It was about the first of April, 1864, when George and his mother arrived in Galena. I believe it was one of the liveliest towns of its size at that time on the Pacific Coast.

There were two suburbs within about one mile of the main town. Lower Galena was located westerly from Galena hill and was probably the first site laid out. There had been considerable prospecting at an early day on top and around Galena hill and considerable galena ore found which probably accounts for the name of the town and creek.

The suburb called Upper Galena was located west of the middle or main town and was also near Galena creek. There was a soap factory owned by Asa Persons located here.* There were two saw mills located farther west on the creek and nearer to Mount Rose. One was called the Chapin mill and the other the Badger mill. Old man Alford had a saw mill located in the main town and another mill northwest of town. Prince and Brown had two saw mills located within one and one-half miles to the south and southwest of Galena.

What was called the Union mill was located near

* A slight error in my reminiscences of Galena in 1864 made what was intended for sash factory read, "soap factory." There was none too much soap used in Western Nevada in those days and a soap factory in Galena at that time would have been a great curiosity.

a steep mountain where a log chute was built for the logs to be sent down to the mill, there being a large body of timber on and around the top of this hill. The logs sent down this chute attained such velocity that a trail of smoke followed them and when the first ones sent down reached the end of the chute they struck the ground with such force that they bounced end over end, some of them going clear through the mill doing considerable damage. A breast work of logs was then built to protect the mill.

There was another mill farther west and easterly from Mount Rose. In White's Canyon was one saw mill and probably another at a later date. There were two saw mills in Thomas Canyon, one owned by John Thomas and the other owned by Wallace Caldwell and a man named Williams.

All of these mills were in Galena precinct and had much to do with the business and social activity of the town. Many men were also engaged in hewing timbers, chopping cord wood, making laggin and pits for the burning of charcoal. A few men were also engaged in digging or blasting out stumps to get pitch wood for gas and other uses at Virginia City. As all these products were hauled to Virginia City and other towns by ox, mule or horse teams it furnished employment for many teamsters.

John Bostwick and Fred Stadtmuller had the two largest stores in Galena and kept a general supply of groceries and other supplies necessary for wood

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and lumber camps. At the front of the Stadtmuller store was a large platform where the prairie schooners would unload the freight for this store, the owner of which was the father of Fred Stadtmuller of the Washoe County Bank.

About the only kind of freight disturbed by the teamsters while it was in transit between Sacramento and Galena was whiskey. The teams were often delayed by big storms in the mountains. Then the whiskey barrels would be tapped and much of it drawn out and used, the vacant space in the barrels being filled with water. Of course the saloonkeepers of Galena would see to it that this weakened whiskey was strengthened with powerful ingredients until it would satisfy the taste of the most exacting "bull whacker."

Although Galena had a Sons of Temperance lodge it was far from being a temperance town. As I had belonged to the Band of Hope back in Massachusetts and was a genuine teetotaller, it did not require much coaxing to get me to join the Sons of Temperance of Galena. An election of officers was held soon after I joined and I was elected outside sentinel to receive the first password before a member was allowed to enter.

At some future time I may have occasion to refer to some very peculiar antics of a number of the elderly male members of the Sons of Temperance of Galena.

Galena at one time aspired to be the county seat

of Washoe County and a number of its residents thought it was the proper place for the state capitol.

Among the noted and energetic residents of Galena in 1864-5 were A. J. Hatch, Doc Kords, R. M. Shackelford, William Alford, Chris Moser, W. W. Belden, Jack Fraser, A. M. Lamb, Tom Hymers, John Thomas, Tom Prince, Ike Johnson, T. W. Norcross, Sam Wilbur, Fred Stadtmuller, Asa Persons, John Bostwick, Curt Falls, William Blanchard, Wallace Caldwell, S. A. Moulton, Dave Caldwell, Dave Johnson, James Mathews, Joe Morgan, Jake Drake, Gideon Church, George Epperson, Mr. Bierschbach, Ed Bean, Ike Ball, Taylor Wilson, George Manuel, Jim Reed, Frank Jaynes, Dave Martin, Erastus Alford, Fred Kords and a host of others.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1864 IN WASHOE

During the summer of 1864 a number of the mines at Virginia City had closed down and the demand for lumber was slack, so a few of the saw mills at Galena, including the two Alford mills, were also shut down. The owner of these two mills had no education and had to depend on his manager to handle his business affairs.

This manager had made two trips to Virginia City

to get contracts for lumber but without success. He finally told Mr. Alford that on account of the great competition in the lumber business there was only one way that he knew of to get a contract for lumber at that time, and that was to give a banquet to "a lot of them mining superintendents and get them good and drunk." Then he thought he could succeed.

The old man asked his manager how much he thought it would cost and when told the cost would be several hundred dollars, on account of having to use the best of champagne and other liquors, the old man became enthused and told his manager to "get 'em drunk and get the saw mills to running as soon as possible."

The manager went back to Virginia City, gave a banquet to several of the mine superintendents, had a gay old time and got contracts that set both saw mills running both night and day. But it proved a big strain on the manager, for he had the delirium tremens soon after his return to Galena.

Times again became very lively at Galena, the mining situation at Virginia City began to improve and that fall proved to be the liveliest in the history of old Galena. There were many Union victories, which were celebrated at Galena by the firing of anvils, huge bonfires and patriotic addresses, mingled with songs and cheers.

The political campaign that fall was intensely enthusiastic. Tom Fitch, who had stumped Califor-

nia for Lincoln and Hamlin in 1860, was stumping Nevada in 1864 for Lincoln and Johnson and made a rousing speech at Galena. Tom Fitch at that time was the most eloquent orator on the Pacific Coast.

Nevada was admitted into the Union as a state on October 31, 1864, and the state and national election was held on November 8, 1864.

The biggest political gathering ever seen in Washoe county was at Washoe City a few days prior to that election. Both political parties had torch light processions the same night and did their best to see which would have the biggest crowd, with recruits and delegations from all parts of the county. The saw mills in the Galena precinct closed down at noon in order to give the men and boys plenty of time to get ready for the procession that night and to have their torches and transparencies in good shape.

Galena was ninety per cent Republican and had the largest outside delegation that appeared in Washoe City that night. We did not light our torches until just before we got to the ridge in view of Washoe City, and as we marched over the ridge and down the grade in plain view of Washoe City it made the grandest sight ever seen at a political gathering in Washoe County.

When the Galena delegation began to arrive in Washoe City it soon filled up the vacant space at the place allotted to the Republicans, and part of the delegation overflowed onto the route assigned to the Democrats. This held up for a short time the

AN EARLY BULLWHACKER.

"Broom Rangers," the first division of the Democratic procession. The "Broom Rangers" undertook to make the Galena boys march to the tune of "Dixie," which the "Broom Rangers" began to sing with a vim. But the Galena delegation had many good singers with plenty of lung power and when those bull whackers and lumbermen struck up "Old John Brown," nothing more was heard of "Dixie."

There was music in the air at Washoe City that night. Groups of women and children were singing patriotic songs on the line of march and many of the men and boys in the procession joined in the singing.

Gov. Nye spoke at the Republican meeting that night. He was a fine campaign orator and a splendid story teller. One of his favorite stories was how he once turned a great religious revival into a rousing Republican rally.

He had been engaged to stump a district in New York state for a friend and had a large number of speeches to make. His meetings were advertised about two weeks in advance. In one of the towns where he was to speak a great religious revival was started after his own meeting had been announced. When it came his night to speak in that town the religious excitement was intense. The committee in charge of the meeting told Nye that it would not do to make a political speech that night. Nye told the committee he would not hold a separate meeting but would attend the revival.

Nye was greatly interested, and after a large

number of converts had been secured it was noticed by the leaders of the revival that Nye was present, taking great interest in the conversions, and they thought salvation had begun to take effect on him, so he was called on for a few remarks.

Nye said that he was greatly embarrassed when he arose to address that vast audience, but his mother had taught him a few verses from the Bible when he went to Sunday school. He repeated those, then the first thing he knew he was making the most soul-stirring Republican speech he ever made, and when he closed his oration many of the women were sobbing while some were quite hysterical.

As Nye resumed his seat one old lady, after wiping the tears from her eyes and cheeks, whispered to the lady next to her. that she never in all her life saw a man so chuck full of salvation as Nye was and she felt sure the saint he was preaching about would be elected.

The Democratic speaking at Washoe City, which was a few blocks distant from where Nye spoke, was also a big success, and the firing of anvils and cheers at the telling points of the rival speakers made it the record breaker of all the political meetings ever held in Washoe county.

SOME INTERESTING GALENA PEOPLE AND INCIDENTS OF 1864-65

At the election held on November 8, 1864, Abraham Lincoln carried Nevada by more than three thousand majority; Blaisdel was elected governor by about the same margin. Galena gave Lincoln a rousing majority and Washoe County polled a larger vote in 1864 than at any subsequent election prior to 1900. In other words it took Reno and the other towns along the railroad in Washoe County more than thirty years of growth to make good the loss of the voting population of the south end of the County after 1864.

The winter of 1864-65 was a severe one at Galena and throughout the Sierra Nevada mountains, and also at Virginia City. We had a furious zephyr the latter part of November, 1864, that lasted three days, which was followed by heavy rain lasting two days and then by a snowstorm that left four feet of snow on the ground at Galena and a much greater depth on the higher altitudes.

Teaming was very difficult over the mountains the rest of the winter and the price of flour rose to $8 per sack or $32 per barrel. Potatoes in the spring of 1865 sold at 12½ to 15 cents per pound at the farms around Galena and the consumers paid the price without complaint and were very thankful to be able to buy them even at that figure.

When I first went to Galena I attended the Galena school for about three months, doing chores outside of school hours, and helping around the charcoal pits and wood camps on Saturdays and Sundays. And afterwards I helped on the vegetable farms.

Dave Martin was the mail carrier from Washoe City to Galena and the surrounding wood camps and sawmills when I first went to Galena. It was a private mail route and the patrons paid for the service. After Dave Martin quit, it was carried a few months by a man named Curt Falls. Both of these mail carriers had used a saddle horse for that purpose. Curt Falls turned his horse out one night to save the cost of feed and when he went to look for it he could not find the horse and employed me to assist him. I found the horse and caught him, but it was a tough job. I told him it was a bigger job to hunt his horse and catch him out on an open range than it was to cover the mail route on foot.

He then told me if I thought I could cover that mail route of about thirty miles on foot to try it and then ventured the prediction that I would not last three days. I took the job and carried the mail on foot until late in the fall of 1865, when many of the sawmills had cleaned up the available supply of logs, leaving a few mills to finish what timber was left. Then came the Meadow Lake mining excitement, which took away a large share of the population of Galena, and many left for the newly located sawmills of Crystal Peak and other places.

But while I was carrying the mail I had many pleasant and interesting experiences. My thirty-mile walk agreed with me. Big Foot Lamb had to divide honors with me in having the largest feet of any two men or boys in Galena, Mr. Lamb being the man, while I was the boy. We either had to wear a very large number eleven or a medium number twelve, my feet filling the shoes to capacity without socks.

Nat Holmes was the postmaster at Washoe City and also had a newsstand. I generally arrived at the postoffice in Washoe City about stage time. I stood at the right of the window and Nat Holmes would call the names on the letters as soon as the mail arrived. The room was generally well filled with people expecting letters. Each said "here" when his name was called and the letter would be passed to him.

I bought a few daily papers and many Sacramento Weekly Unions, as nearly all the wood camps and others took that weekly, and once a week I would be well loaded down with these papers. When I first began carrying the papers it was during the latter part of the Civil War and as I had a few dailies with the latest war news, I would be requested to read the war news to groups of men at the different camps.

One elderly gent had a boy about my age and would invite me to come and spend the evening and bring a late paper and read the war news. He was

from Missouri and wanted the South to win. Neither he nor his wife could read, and while I would be reading about Union victories he would interrupt me occasionally and want to know if it was the "damned black abolitionists" that were doing all of that, and when told it was, he would become excited, walk the floor and threaten to go back to Missouri, shoulder his musket and help drive the invading Yankees out of the state.

After we got through talking about the war, I told him about some big vegetables I had seen in California in 1863, and about a squash that weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. "What did you say that squash weighed?" inquired the old lady, who was quite deaf. I answered, so she heard, the second time. "Oh, pshaw, that's nothing to what I saw in Missouri," replied the old lady. "Why, I saw a squash back there that weighed four tons and it took two men to lift it into the wagon."

Although I was a genuine teetotaler, I occasionally would spend an evening in one of the saloons, and being a good crib player, was frequently called on to help fill up a four-handed game of crib. The bartender would drink in my place. As I was only fourteen years of age, I was given many more liberties than the older Sons of Temperance were allowed, all of whom were expected to patronize the bar at regular intervals.

On the twenty-seventh day of May, 1865, the

main town of Galena was destroyed by fire during a furious Washoe zephyr, when the wind must have attained at times a velocity of one hundred miles an hour. I was at the Reno fire of March 2, 1879, when the wind was claimed by experts to have attained a velocity of eighty miles per hour, but the Galena fire was during a greater wind velocity. It seemed as if Satan himself had full charge of the elements at that time and was trying to make a record. As only one sawmill was in range of the fire, the town was soon rebuilt and in running order, the buildings being nearly all low one-story buildings on account of the wind and storms and built of rough lumber which accounts for the speed made in rebuilding the town.

On the Fourth of July, 1865, Galena joined with Washoe City in its celebration. The exercises were held at the old Armory Hall, in Washoe City. Charles Goodwin was the poet and delivered a fine poem. Tom Fitch was the orator and his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln was grand beyond description. Many in the audience believed the orator was inspired.

Doc Kords, the Galena poet, delivered his Fourth of July, 1865, poem at Crystal Peak. He was a very talented man of a humorous nature. He and A. J. Hatch, the surveyor, were two very prominent citizens of Galena and were conspicuous at banquets where chickens were on the bill of fare. Sometimes these chicken dinners would take place in Washoe

City on account of reports that a henhouse had been raided at Galena the night before.

Another noted character of Galena was James Mathews, an expert bull-whacker, who stuttered so when trying to talk to his fellow man that it was very painful to listen to him, but when driving his oxteam his flow of language was perfect and as forcible as the occasion required.

Sometimes while crossing Galena creek with his heavy loads of lumber he would get stuck in the creek it being a fine place to water the thirsty oxen while on the road from Thomas canyon and, having a good hard bottom, a bridge was not needed; but there was a hard pull to get out of the creek on the south side near the Fred Stadtmuller store. Whenever it became known that Jim Mathews was stuck in the creek a crowd would gather on the platform in front of the Stadtmuller store where they had a good view of the proceedings. After two or three unsuccessful attempts to get the oxen to pull together, he would mount a stump near the road and give vent to his pent-up emotions with a volume of profanity that was seldom heard even in a town like Galena. He would then call on the Apostles to come down and help "cuss them cattle."

When he got down from the stump and made another attempt the oxen seemed inspired with renewed strength and pulled the load out of the creek amid the cheers of the crowd at the store, and Jim

Mathews became the hero of the town with free drinks at all the saloons, but when he went to explain how it happened, he stuttered so he had to give it up.

Galena potatoes were famous in Virginia City for their quality and a potato grower told me what a trial he had while hauling a load of potatoes to Virginia City when the supply in that city had been exhausted for a long time. From some cause unknown to him, a few of the merchants of Virginia City found out that he was on the road with a load of potatoes and some of them thought they would walk out and meet him, and buy his potatoes before his arrival at Virginia City.

One of these merchants met him at Washoe City and tried to buy the potatoes, but the farmer would not sell and while going up the Ophir grade and before he got to the summit, there were about a dozen merchants trying to buy his load of potatoes, but he was not ready to sell and finally told them they would not be for sale until he got about half way down C street.

When he stopped his wagon for the sale there was a large procession of buyers who had joined the merchants that had followed him over the Ophir grade, and glancing up the street, a number were waving their hats for him to wait until their arrival so as to give them all a chance to buy some of the potatoes.

He then told the prospective buyers he had always been opposed to monopoly and no man would be allowed to buy more than one sack of those potatoes and the price would be $30 a sack.

Many buyers would club together and buy one sack and then divide the contents, some would fill their hats and pockets, while others would take turn in carrying the sack of potatoes to the neighborhood where the potatoes were to be used, and there divide them. It proved a very satisfactory way to relieve for a short time the potato famine at Virginia City and the farmer was well pleased with the good he had done, and with his net returns.

The Galena school house was also the public hall of the town. The desks and seats were portable and could be removed when a dance was to take place, which was generally about once a week. Some of these dances were quite swell affairs for a town like Galena, although the ballroom costumes were not very expensive. The men generally wore loose-fitting clothes and heavy cowhide boots or shoes. The ladies were a trifle more stylish than the men and had a more refined appearance in the ballroom, but a few of the ladies persisted in wearing long trails, one of which caused me great humiliation and embarrassment.

I was just beginning to learn to dance and was in quadrille where one of these long trails was worn by an elderly lady who was quite deaf, but was a very fluent talker.

A distressing ball room scene at Galena in 1864
Mr. Peckham's last dance.

Unfortunately for me, I landed on this trail with one of my big feet just as a husky bullwhacker gave the old lady an old-fashioned swing.

Gentle reader, the scene which followed that swing was altogether too harrowing to describe and although that very embarrassing incident happened more than fifty-five years ago, I have never tried to dance since that time.

WASHOE CITY AND GLENDALE IN THE MIDDLE SIXTIES

Washoe City was in its glory in 1864. There was a very large floating population and at times the population of Washoe City must have been as much as seven thousand or more. The streets were named mostly from letters and numbers. The postoffice was located on E street between Third and Fourth. The Lambert grocery store was on the corner of F and Second street. Erlanger and Wertheimer had one of the largest stores and Wells Fargo's express office was located in their place.

There were a large number of business firms of all kinds, including many stables and feed yards, also a number of quartz mills located at and near Washoe City.

"Oh, I've got six feet,
In the Old Dead Beat,
Glory be for Old Washoe,"

was one of the early songs of Washoe City and vicinity. In those days ownership in mines was designated by feet in place of shares.

The total vote cast for governor in Washoe county in 1864 was eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, while in 1866 the vote for the same office had decreased to eleven hundred and sixty-eight, a net loss of seven hundred and twenty-nine votes in two years, this loss being mostly from Washoe City and Galena. In 1868 Washoe City cast only four hundred and fifty-six votes for president and the Galena precinct, which had given Abraham Lincoln a majority of one hundred and eighty-four in 1864, is not recorded as casting any vote in 1868, which indicates that this precinct was abandoned prior to that election.

Among the prominent men living in Washoe City and Washoe Valley in those early days were: Jerry Schooling, Joe Jones, Ross Lewers, Jim Kinkead, J. C. Lewis, Jim Pierson, Joseph Frey, T. A. Read, "Doc" Hogan, H. H. Beck, Nat Holmes, Theodore Winters, William Thompson, H. L. Fish, Robert Fraser, John Snodgrass, A. C. Cleveland, William Webster, Tom Fitch, George Harris, M. Weinberger, Erlanger and Wertheimer, Sandy Bowers, D. B. Boyd, W. M. Boardman, Dave Lodge,

George Douglas, John Douglas, Elias Owens, R. W. Perkins, C. A. Lee, A. Sauer, G. S. Smith, Ebenezer Twaddle, George Smith, Alexander Twaddle, Charles Pegg, Harry Noyes, L. N. Harris, Doctor Bishop, C. A. Eaton, C. C. Goodwin, N. J. Roff and thousands of others.

During the middle '60s, Dyers' stage ran daily between Carson and Washoe City, arriving in Washoe about two P. M. While the mining boom of the Meadow Lake, or Excelsior mining district, was in progress, the stage line was extended to Huffakers to connect with other stage lines running from Virginia City over the Henness pass route near the mines in the Excelsior district. At that time there was quite a stampede from the south end of Washoe County to the new mining district. These mines were reported to be exceedingly rich. One assay of the ore was reported at the rate of $47,000 in gold per ton and more than $500 per ton in silver but in a year or two the excitement was over, for the ore proved to be too base to work at a profit.

At Christmas time, 1865, my mother was married to T. W. Norcross, a widower with two boys. The oldest was William A. Norcross, who was about six years of age and Thomas Whitney Leland Norcross, who was about five years old. We all moved down to the Eastman saw mill where Mr. Norcross was employed. The Eastman mill was located on the south side of the Truckee river, about half way between Glendale and where Reno is now situated.

The land on which the mill was located is now a part of the Matley farm.

The saw mill and a number of surrounding acres at that time were owned by C. H. Eastman and William White. The logs for this mill came from the timber along the river westerly from Crystal Peak and were prepared during the winter months for driving down the river to the mill ponds during high water in the spring. Among those employed in this work were Ike Spencer, Sandy Crocker, Bill Perkins, Joseph Spencer, T. W. Norcross, William White and others. There was also a cook and camp tender, the camp being moved about four times daily, with that number of meals.

Much of the lumber from this mill was hauled to Virginia City with ox teams, some was sold to the farmers, and a little of it was rafted down the river for shipment to points farther east. This mill also had a planing mill attachment and a few loads of dressed lumber were hauled up to the Meadow Lake, or Excelsior mining district, in 1866.

I attended the Glendale school about three months during 1866. E. C. Sessions was the teacher. There were about thirty pupils who attended that school about fifty-four years ago and of that number at least one-half are still living. Among them are: Charles Gulling, Orville Sessions, Edward Sessions, Charles Sessions, Marion Sellers, Fanny Sellers, Julia Weston, Charles Weston, Douglas Weston, Nellie Larcomb, Lawrence Haslund,

Notice

It hereby given that by virtue of power vested in me by the County Superintendent of Wachoe County N.T. — I do hereby call a school meeting of the qualified electors to be held at Stone & Gates on Saturday Dec 19. at two o'clock P.M A.D. 1863 for the purpose of completing the organization of School District No.6. embracing all of Township No(19) nineteen Washoe Co. N.T.—

First.— By electing three Trustees.—

Second.— To locate school house site.— or delegate others for said purpose.— Also to make arrangements for the completion of a school house if thought advisable.—

Third — To determine whether we have a school the ensuing season.—

Fourth — To do any other business thought proper when met.—

Truckee Dec 7.— 1863.— E.C. Sessions
Authorized person.

Notice for the Organization Meeting of the Glendale School District

Sophia Steele, Ida Coates, Matilda Blaisdel, George E. Peckham and perhaps one or two more.

Charles A. Norcross was born at our residence near the Eastman mill on the sixth day of November, 1866. It was on election day and on that same day C. H. Eastman was elected state senator and H. M. Frost, who lived within a mile of the mill, was elected county commissioner and Sol Geller, another farmer on the Truckee Meadows, was elected state senator to finish out the unexpired term of another senator.

It was such a peculiar combination of circumstances that Mr. C. H. Eastman and H. M. Frost claimed the privilege of naming the new arrival. They were both great admirers of Gen. B. F. Butler and as Butler had just been elected to congress on the same day that the Norcross boy was born, and as an older half brother had four names, they selected the name of Benjamin Franklin Butler Norcross for the new arrival.

Mr. T. W. Norcross, the father of the boy, was also a great admirer of Gen. Butler, having known him back in Lowell, Massachusetts, during the late '40s and early '50s and considered him one of the ablest and most remarkable men of his time. So for a short time it looked as though the boy would be adorned with the name of Benjamin Franklin Butler Norcross.

But the mother of the boy had something to say in regard to his name. She had read a great deal

about the career of Gen. Butler, how a reward of $10,000 had been offered in the South for his capture either dead or alive, how Jeff Davis had issued a proclamation declaring Butler a common out-law and an enemy to mankind to be executed as soon as captured if not killed before and how he had been accused of stealing silverware when he was in command at New Orleans. And in addition to this some of his enemies in the North had accused Butler of many other misdemeanors. So she decided the name selected by the others would not do and his present name of Charles Albert Norcross was the result.

SOME EARLY HISTORY OF THE TRUCKEE MEADOWS
EARLY DAYS AT GLENDALE

Glendale was the literary and social metropolis of Truckee meadows during 1866 and 1867, but of course Huffakers was an ambitious rival. There were two stores in Glendale and one at Huffakers. These stores, in addition to groceries and hardware, carried some dry goods and patent medicines, including Hostetter's stomach bitters, Perry Davis' pain-killer, Ayers' remedies, with Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup for the younger children. Ayers' almanac was considered good medical authority in

those days and was kept on file in nearly every home.

There was considerable grass hay produced on the Truckee Meadows at that time. This hay was baled with the old style Petaluma and Buzzard hay presses. The hay was handled with main strength and hard work. The hardest job on the press was the tramping and jumping on the hay as it was pitched into the press. It was called the "sweat box" and gave a man a tremendous appetite and almost unlimted thirst.

There were also large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables produced for the Virginia City market. The ranches of George Alt and others around Glendale were noted for the big yields of cabbage per acre, there being no cabbage pests at that time to interfere with their growth. Glendale also had an onion specialist who was such a success as an onion grower that he went by the name of Onion Charlie in both Virginia City and on the Truckee Meadows.

The election of C. H. Eastman to the state senate in 1866 made the Eastman sawmill very attractive to candidates for the United States senate. As soon as it became known that Eastman was elected, one of the most stylish livery rigs ever seen on the Truckee Meadows was driven down from Virginia City to the Eastman sawmill. In this magnificent equipment was seated Charles E. DeLong, one of the four rival candidates who wanted to go to the United States senate in place of James W.

Nye, whose term would expire on March 4, 1867. Nye was also a candidate for re-election. De Long's effort to defeat Nye was unsuccessful, and on the third ballot of the legislature, on the 17th of January, 1867, three of the candidates had withdrawn and the vote stood twenty-seven for DeLong to thirty-two for Nye, which re-elected Nye for the full term of six years, beginning March 4, 1867.

The winter of 1865-6 was rather a mild one, with the precipitation slightly below normal, but the following winter of 1866-7 saw the deepest snowfall in the Sierra Nevada mountains of any winter since Nevada was first settled by the whites, the Truckee river remaining at flood stage until late in the summer of 1867.

The continuous high water in the Truckee during the season for driving the logs down the river enabled Eastman and White to make the biggest drive into their mill ponds they had ever made, and included a lot of government logs that had been cut for several years.

Among the prominent farmers and others on the Truckee Meadows and in the Steamboat valley in 1866-67, were John Stone, C. C. Gates, George Alt, H. M. Frost, William Steele, Robert Steele, James Steele, Sam Weeks, Christopher Higgins, Len Savage, Jess Brothers, Johnny George, Yank Caldwell, Sandy Crocker, M. T. Coates, Charles Francisco, Bill Ferguson, Jack Fraser, William Gibbs, Thos. Lamberth, G. R. Holcomb, A. A. Longley,

Bill Doby, M. C. Lake, Bill Libby, Charles Robinson, George Deremer, Onion Charlie, John Martin, Mr. Holbrook, John Larcomb, Mr. Schmidt, Scotty Lee, Jim Gregory, Ben Shaber, C. H. Eastman, William White, Dave Johnson, Long Wilson, Carmack and Gulling, Mr. Blaisdell, J. S. Sellers, E. C. Sessions, William Wright, John Wright, G. W. Huffaker, Ben James, Peleg Brown, Ervine Crane, Warren Howard, Orrin Ross, Arthur Lowe, Steve Cleveland, Robert Lee, J. L. Downs, Neal Haslund, Henry Weston, Louis Dean, Dan Bryant, T. W. Norcross, James Ferguson, L. Wimberly, Mr. Reastman, Jim Evans, Old Man Hill, William Anderson, John Hunter, John Boynton, W. F. P. Lyell, Sol Geller, Mr. Starr, Frank Kloecker, Henry Orr, Theo. Lewis, C. C. Chase, Amasa Thompson, Pat Kelly, Jim Sullivan, Lou Drexler, Mr. Galespie, W. D. Hardin, Jim Smith, Ike Spencer, Joe Spencer and a great many others.

The Glendale spelling school, which was started in 1866, continued for a number of years during the winter months and developed many good spellers among the hayseeds of Truckee Meadows. After Reno was put on the map the best spellers of Reno would go down to Glendale to try conclusions with the "hayseeds" and were often beaten in the spelling matches, but after a few years had elapsed, Reno began to show much improvement in spelling and the Glendale spelling school was discontinued.

During the spring of 1866 I had cleaned up a few

acres of land on the William Steele farm adjoining the Eastman mill and farm and helped dig the Eastman ditch to get water to irrigate this ground. It was only a chore to take care of the crop. I did the irrigating on Sundays, and worked on adjoining ranches or around the sawmill during week days. This kind of work also continued in 1867.

The winter of 1867-8 was a very wet winter, with disastrous floods. This made the winters of 1866-7 and 1867-8 the two wettest consecutive winters on record in either Northern California or Western Nevada.

The big flood began about Christmas time in 1867 and continued for about one week. Big trees, roots and all, were washed down the Truckee river. A new bridge across the river near the Eastman mill was washed away. The levies around the Eastman mill ponds were washed out in many places and the logs floated away in many directions, some going down over the Steele ranch toward the Boynton basin, while others went down the main river. A great deal of damage was also done on the lower Truckee Meadows to fences, buildings and haystacks. These haystacks looked like steamboats on the water, as the long continued rain had caused the hay to heat until the tops of the haystacks were steaming.

When the flood had reached its crest a sudden drop in the temperature caused the river to fall rapidly and most of the Eastman saw logs were lodged on both sides of the river while many were lodged

down towards the Boynton basin and on the ranches near Glendale. A few found their way down the river to Pyramid Lake, but most of them were lodged within two or three miles of the mill.

Early in January, 1868, a heavy snowstorm left from sixteen to twenty-four inches of snow on the Truckee Meadows. When the storm was over it turned very cold with the air full of poganip that obscured the sun nearly every day for about six or seven weeks. This snow enabled Eastman and White to get most of their logs back to the mill, using several different methods of dragging or sledding the logs over.

The spiritual welfare of the good people of Truckee Meadows was looked after by circuit or traveling ministers who generally held the Sunday services at the school houses, and visited with the farmers during week days, often holding divine services during the evenings, which was greatly appreciated by many of the farmers and others.

An Important Corner of Reno in the Early '70s

Some Business Houses of Reno in the Early '70s

WHEN RENO WAS BORN; COMING OF THE RAILROAD

A few months prior to the big flood of December, 1867, the Eastman sawmill was running at capacity to supply the increasing demand for lumber. Agents of the Central Pacific railroad, the grading and building of which was rapidly approaching Nevada and the Truckee Meadows, were trying to purchase cheap lumber at this mill. The government, or Nye saw logs, as they were sometimes called, were more or less sap rotten and had become partially water logged. About one-half the lumber from these logs was second class lumber and a good share of this second grade lumber was sold to these agents for some use in connection with the building of the railroad.

It was in January, 1868, that Mr. Norcross made a trade for the William Steele interest in what was then known as the Gibbs ranch, where a part of the Fife and Peckham farms are now located. A house had to be built on this farm before we could live there. I hauled the lumber and material with a team and sleigh, while Mr. Norcross and another man built the house. It was a quick job and we moved to this farm that winter.

Charles Robinson owned the adjoining farm and was a near neighbor. We became chums, although he was considerably older; my age being seventeen

in 1868. Mr. Robinson had been a pioneer of Kansas during the '50s at a time when a man's life or property was seldom safe from depredations committed by the border ruffians or hostile Indians.

In May, 1868, the railroad had reached a point near Lake's toll bridge and had put Reno on the map of Washoe County. Prior to the birth of Reno, people who crossed the toll bridge on foot had to pay toll, but after Reno was christened, people could walk across the toll bridge free of charge. But of course teams and live stock that crossed the bridge had to pay toll until the charter for the toll road and bridge expired several years later.

We lived about three miles from Reno. Charles Robinson and I would walk to the new town about once a week. George Deremer, a chum of both of us, would join us when we reached his place, which was about half way between our place and Reno.

When I saw the first locomotive come into Reno, it reminded me of the locomotives they had on the Old Colony & Fall River Railroad back in Massachusetts in the '50s. I looked for the name of the makers and place where made and found the locomotive was made by McKay & Aldus at Boston. It doubtless had seen service back in Massachusetts and seemed like an old acquaintance of mine.

If there were any apples raised on the Truckee Meadows during the '60s I never saw any of them, but as soon as the railroad was completed to Reno, my chums and myself would have a feast of Califor-

nia apples as soon as we arrived in Reno. I would also purchase the Sacramento Weekly Union. That was generally the extent of our indulgence in luxuries until after Reno was a few months older.

There were quite a large number of business houses in Reno in 1868, and many stables and feed yards. Several of the teamsters and fast freight lines had their own barns or feeding yards. Pollard & Mitchel had a livery stable on Commercial row.

George Becker and J. Becker, known as Becker Brothers, had the Washoe City Brewery depot on Virginia street. Harry Noyes' Merchants Exchange was next door to Johnson's market on Virginia street.

Manning & Duck, groceries and general merchandise including liquors, first had their place of business on the corner of Plaza and Virginia street, but were afterwards located on Commercial Row.

R. M. Turner was located on Second street between Virginia and Sierra. He dealt in groceries, general merchandise, clothing, wines and liquors.

G. W. Cunningham sold clothing, boots, shoes, furnishings and Yankee notions. The postoffice was in the same building.

S. C. Fogus was at the corner of Virginia and Second streets. Afterwards the firm was known as Fogus & Howell.

The Liberty market, Joe Marzen proprietor, was on Virginia street.

William Wulthe had a gun and ammunition store on Virginia street.

W. Head had the National saloon and lodging house.

W. A. Scott had the pioneer barber shop on Virginia street opposite Hammer's drug store.

Apothecaries' Hall was opposite Moch's restaurant and handled drugs, paints, brushes, etc. Will T. Frant was proprietor.

Munston & Co., had a drug store.

Charles L. Hammer was an apothecary with his drug store on Virginia street near the bridge.

The Truckee market, Johnson & Gisin, was on the west side of Virginia street.

Davenport & Spencer, groceries and general merchandise, were on the corner of Second and Center streets.

J. Cohn & Brothers had a dry goods store.

O. Madden had a hotel on Commercial Row and W. R. Chamberlain had a hotel.

A. J. Hatch, deputy mineral surveyor for the sixth mineral district, had his office on South Virginia street.

J. S. Bowker was justice of the peace.

D. H. Haskell was an attorney-at-law, with his office in the Reno land agency.

H. B. Cossit was an attorney who could be found either at the Noyes restaurant or at the office of the justice of the peace.

Thomas E. Haydon and I. B. Marshall were attorneys, and when on opposite sides of a case on trial would sometimes become quite complimentary to each other. On one occasion Judge Haydon was describing the greatness of Marshall and finished his eulogy of his opponent by stating that the only difference between Marshall and the Almighty was that one was the great I Am, while the other was the great I Be.

There were also many other business firms in Reno at that time, some of whom we may refer to later. The following item from the Reno Crescent of November 28, 1868, shows what good time the stages made between Reno and Virginia City in those days.

"Stage Racing"

The Wells Fargo and Pacific stages are making terrible time to Virginia City nowadays. They made the twenty-one miles to Virginia City night before last in two hours and nine minutes and expected to beat that time last night. It is good for passengers but death on stock.

The political campaign of 1868 was the first one Reno had experienced. It was a presidential election also, with Grant and Colfax the Republican candidates, and Seymour and Blair for the Democrats. Stewart was a candidate for re-election to the senate as his term would expire on March 4, 1869. I heard him make a speech in Reno prior to the elec-

tion in 1868 and I also heard Tom Fitch, who was a candidate for congress, and I believe that I was at nearly all the political meetings held in Reno that campaign year.

At that election Reno cast two hundred and eighty-six votes for president, while Washoe City cast four hundred and fifty-six votes. There were one hundred and fourteen votes at Franktown, eighty-eight votes at Ophir and fifty-four at Mill Station. The votes north of Steamboat were beginning to make up a little for the loss of the south end of the county since 1864, for in addition to the two hundred and eighty-six votes polled at Reno, Wadsworth polled one hundred and two votes at the same election.

J. S. Sellers, a carpenter and contractor, probably built more houses in Reno during the first few years of its growth than any other contractor. Some of the lumber used for buildings in Reno prior to 1874 came from the Eastman sawmill which was only about two miles east of Reno. This sawmill was dismantled in the fall of 1874 or in 1875 and the machinery moved up to the Mackay and Fair lumber and wood camp, in the mountains southwest from Reno.

FIRST RIDE EVER TAKEN BY NOW EMINENT JURIST AND OTHER ANECDOTES

Prior to the building of the present Geiger Grade, what was known as the "old" Geiger road and grade was used in traveling to Virginia City. It left the present Virginia road at Anderson station, near where the present Moffat residence is located and ran in an easterly direction by the ranches of Peckham, Brooks, Short and Ramella, thence over the mountains by a winding grade by way of "Louse" town to Virginia City. This road was in use as early as 1861, the present Geiger grade not being completed and ready for use until about one year later. But there was more or less teaming and travel over the "Louse" town road until 1869 or later.

Judge Frank Norcross was born in May, 1869, at about the same time that the Golden Spike was driven connecting the Central Pacific with the Union Pacific railroad, thus making a continuous rail connection between Sacramento, Reno and New York City. The house where Judge Norcross was born was then located on what is now the Peckham farm and near the old Geiger road on the route to Virginia City by way of "Louse" town. Before Frank was one year old this house was moved nearly one mile to what is now the Fife farm and is now a part of the Fife

residence. It was not a very large house and was placed on skids or runners and was moved by the aid of several yoke of oxen. It was the first ride that Judge Norcross ever had behind an ox-team and he enjoyed it greatly and would have been well pleased if the joy-ride could have continued a while longer.

It was during the middle and late '60s that the value of alfalfa as a hay crop was beginning to be understood. It was called "Chile clover" at that time and was raised on but few ranches and on a very small scale. Among the first to give it a trial were Irvine Crane, John Hunter, William Anderson and George Deremer. After 1870, the acreage increased rapidly.

During 1869 a railroad was built between Carson and Virginia City. The rails, locomotive and other rolling stock were hauled from Reno to Carson and Virginia City with ox, mule and horse teams. The building of this railroad and the hauling of ore by rail from Virginia City to mills on the Carson river caused the quartz mills around old Washoe to be dismantled and Washoe City soon became a skeleton of its former greatness. To make matters worse for Washoe City, Reno had begun its campaign for the removal of the county seat from Washoe City to Reno. This was hotly contested and the removal did not take place until in April, 1871.

The biggest summer shower in the history of Reno was in the latter part of July, 1869. It flooded the

streets, side-walks and cellars and after it was over it looked as if Reno had been submerged. The showers and hail storms were very spotted that day in both the Truckee Meadows and Steamboat Valley. Many parts of the valley did not receive a drop of precipitation. Charles Pegg, the sheriff of Washoe County, was on his way from Washoe City to Reno that day and said he passed through hail that was fully two feet deep in the road near Browns.

The heaviest shock of earthquake ever experienced in Reno was during one night the latter part of December, 1869. After the first heavy shock there were about twenty more shocks during the same night.

Among places of business and residents of Reno in 1868 or 1869, not previously mentioned, were:

John Larcomb, grocery and general merchandise store on the corner of Sierra and Second street; Barnet Brothers, dry goods, boots and shoes and a great variety of other articles, corner of Virginia street and Commercial row; Updike and Perry, painters; M. Nathan, clothing store, Virginia street; John Sunderland, boots and shoes, Virginia street; S. F. Hoole, Reno planing mill; N. J. Roff, saddle and harness shop; M. J. Smith, blacksmith shop; M. Lippmann and Company, jewelry and a great variety of articles; Edward L. Bridges, J. Humboldt, Eaton and John Smyles, assistants to A. J. Hatch, civil engineer. Hammond & Wilson became successors to Pollard & Mitchel in the livery stable on Commercial Row. E. C. Sessions, Carmack & Gulling, Wil-

liam McKay and others were supplying Reno with milk in the early days. S. M. Jamison had a news stand and variety store on Commercial Row and was postmaster for a long time. Pioneer hall was located on the corner of Second and Virginia streets, Jurgan Peters was the proprietor. J. B. Becker and Charles Knust had a brewery on Sierra street.

Among the other residents and business men of Reno in those days were: Nick Hammersmith, W. S. Bender, C. T. Bender, T. K. Hymers, Frank Jaynes, W. H. Caughlin, C. L. Buncel, Peter Belton, Dan Pine, Frank Rhodes and J. J. Becker.

At the state election held in November, 1870, Washoe County cast only nine hundred and fifty-seven votes for governor. In 1864 the vote of Washoe County for the same office had been one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven. As Reno was not on the map in 1864 and cast three hundred and seventy-six votes in 1870, it shows that there were lively times in the south end of the county in 1864.

Bradley was elected governor in 1870, and C. W. Kendall defeated Tom Fitch for congress. T. K. Hymers, T. G. Herman and George Robinson were elected county commissioners.

At a fire in the Parson hotel at Washoe City on April 4, 1870, Dr. Bishop had a miraculous escape from losing his life. It was thought that all the inmates were out of the house, when Joe Jones happened to think there was one room that had not

been visited and went back and had hard work to waken the inmate, who proved to be Dr. Bishop of Reno, who was in Washoe City professionally at that time.

Dan Pine, who collected toll at Lake's toll bridge, would occasionally fail to collect toll. On one occasion Jack Goodwin, a noted character of the Truckee Meadows, was short of funds and had to cross the bridge. Coming down the hill south of the courthouse he got his saddle horse under full speed and as he was running across the bridge, which was against the rules, Dan Pine rushed out of the toll house to stop him and collect the toll, and, as Dan waved his arms and hands to call a halt, Jack Goodwin yelled at Dan to clear the track, that the horse was running away. Dan stepped to one side and the horse and rider were soon out of sight. It was such a neat way to avoid paying toll that no attempt was ever made afterwards to collect it.

Washoe City and old Galena were such famous towns in 1864-65 that we should not allow too many incidents in their career to be forgotten. In addition to the prominent men and families of Washoe City and Washoe Valley in 1864-65 who were previously referred to are: B. G. Clow, Jack Foulks, John D. Winters, William Henry, Harrison Scott, W. W. Morton (who afterward became a prosperous farmer on the Truckee Meadows.) Still others are the Champion family; James Fife, the father of James Fife of the police department of Reno, and

Adam Fife, the well known farmer; and "Boss," who had both legs frozen and amputated near the knees—he was a well known character in Reno for many years afterwards. He wore heavy shoes on his knees and sawed and split wood in Reno for many years prior to his death.

Jack Foulks was a great chum of Doc Kords of Galena and always attended the dances at Galena. One stormy night the musicians from Washoe City failed to put in an appearance, and Jack Foulks and Doc Kords offered to furnish vocal music for the dancing. The offer was accepted and complied with. They sang the old fashioned tunes like "Old Grimes," "Old Dan Tucker," and "Old Sandy," but the doctor, being a great poet, would often compose words to fit the tune and sing one line first, then he would be joined by Jack Foulks and many of the bull whackers, who had plenty of lung power and were quite musical. That dance was a great success. Many of those present pronounced it the most enjoyable dance ever held in the old Galena school house.

Serenades were also of frequent occurrence at Galena. "The Four Old Maids" and "Old Dog Tray" were two of the favorite tunes, but the doctor would always furnish words to fit the occasion and when sung by the Galena choir, as led by Doc Kords, the effect was magical.

AMUSEMENTS AND DOINGS OF EARLY DAY RENO

In the early '70s, in Reno, Henry Menke had a grocery and general merchandise store on the corner of Sierra street and Commercial row. Bell & Burke had a store on the corner of Second and Virginia; D. A. Bender & Co., were bankers; J. L. McFarlin was a blacksmith and wagon maker at Belton's old stand on Sierra street; Richardson & Elliott had a lodging house and saloon at the corner of Virginia and Commercial Row; Louis Wintermantel ran a restaurant on the east side of Virginia street; Norton & Co., had a meat market on Virginia street; J. N. Jaquish's harness and saddle shop was near the Golden Eagle hotel on Sierra street; Hymers & Jaynes had a livery, feed and sale stable; D. & B. Lachman's dry goods and clothing store was on Virginia street; Dave McFarlin had the Arcade saloon on Commercial row; the Reno Bakery was run by Jacob Graff; J. C. Hagermann had a grocery and provision store on Virginia street; Morris Ash sold groceries and provisions.

Prof. O. S. Fowler, the famous phrenologist, delivered a splendid lecture at Dyer's theatre in Reno in January, 1872, and gave a fine test in the science of phrenology. The audience selected Dyer, the owner of the theatre, and Judge C. N. Harris as the two men to have their most prominent characteristic

described by Prof. Fowler, as would be indicated by the shape of their heads. These two men each took a seat on the platform in front of the audience. Prof. Fowler delighted the audience with the able and very entertaining manner in which he fully described their leading characteristics and convinced many former scoffers that phrenology was a great science and that the shape of a man's head had very much to do with his mental characteristics.

The winters of 1868-69, 1869-70, and 1870-71 were the driest consecutive winters on record in Western Nevada and in most of Northern California and they were greatly appreciated by the teamsters and stage drivers who were delivering freight and passengers to the tributary country and towns both to the north and south of Reno, including Virginia City and Washoe City.

The stores of Reno in those days generally had considerable space allotted for customers and others who would come in to swap stories and to discuss the topics of the day. A number of comfortable chairs would be provided and a regular old fashioned reunion of the old boys would take place.

Bill Duck of the firm of Manning & Duck was a good host at some of those reunions and many a pleasant hour or two was spent in that old fashioned house during the first few years of Reno.

Another favorite resort of this kind was the old store of Davenport & Spencer, where the Palace Dry Goods House is now located. When Bill Steele,

Len Savage, Bill Anderson and a stage driver or two would get together in this store the entertainment would be something worth while. Charlie Davenport was also a fine entertainer and when his clerk in the store, an elderly man named Comstock, would join the group, the program would be at its best and the enjoyment would be unlimited.

The building of the Virginia & Truckee railroad between Reno and Carson City was begun during the summer of 1871 and completed to Steamboat Springs early in November, 1871. Freight was then sent by rail to Steamboat Springs and then hauled from there to Virginia City by team, also to points south of Steamboat.

During December, 1871, there were disastrous floods in California and Western Nevada. Every culvert on the V. & T. Railroad between Reno and Steamboat Springs was washed away and much of the roadbed likewise.

There was a fine Christmas tree and entertainment at the Methodist church Sunday night of Christmas week, 1871. Mrs. I. B. Marshal assisted with the exercises. On Monday night following the Methodist tree and entertainment there was one at the Dyer theatre in charge of Rev. Hitchcock. It was a great success, there being many songs by the young ladies of Reno. Miss Lachman sang "Ten Thousand Miles Away," a favorite song of those days. The theatre was packed and all had a splendid time.

The winter of 1871-72 proved to be a very wet

season and was what many old timers called an "Equalizer" which made up for the deficiency of precipitation of the three preceding dry seasons.

OLD FOURTHS OF JULY AND SOME POLITICS

At the Fourth of July celebration in 1872 were many interesting features. After the patriotic services were over, then the comic features of the celebration were indulgd in. A choir composed of Harry Menke, W. H. Moe, Charley Jones and Jim Stanaway, sang the popular song, "Ten Thousand Miles Away" to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," with fine effect and were frequently encored. Several very appropriate addresses were also made. A few of the would-be orators became so embarrassed that they had to be carried out into the open air. Two of the heavy weights of Reno acted as escorts or lifters to carry out these unfortunate amateur orators. I was not present at these doings but a local newspaper reporter said that M. J. Smith was one of those that had to be carried out.

Jack Foulks of Verdi was a prince among the entertainers on these gay and festive occasions. His former chum, Doc Kords of Galena, had been his valuable instructor.

The Crown Point and Belcher bononza on the

W. W. Norton, or
"Brother Jonathan"

Miss Mary Golden, or
"Martha Washington"

In Reno Centennial Celebration of 1876

Comstock had made some very large fortunes for some of the Comstockers in the early '70s and it was John P. Jones who in 1872 made a big fight for the seat in the United States senate occupied by Jas. W. Nye, whose term would expire on March 4th, 1873. It was a very lively campaign and a large amount of money was spent in Washoe County. There were some prominent orators stumping Nevada for Jones. I was present at Dyers' theatre in Reno when Newton Booth of California and John P. Jones addressed the large audience.

C. C. Goodwin and Charles W. Kendall, rival candidates for congress, spoke from the same platform on Second street just east of Virginia street.

At that election Washoe County polled less than eight hundred votes or about eleven hundred votes less than the county cast in 1864 which was four years before Reno was on the map. The Jones' legislative tickets were generally elected throughout the state but C. C. Goodwin was defeated for congress. C. W. Kendall, who had defeated Tom Fitch for congress in 1870, was again victorious in 1872.

D. B. Boyd was elected county assessor. Peleg Brown was elected long term commissioner and E. B. Towle short term commissioner. Joe Jones beat Charles Chase two votes for sheriff.

According to the account as published at that time, the Fourth of July celebration of 1873 was one of the best ever held in Reno.

J. D. Pollard was grand marshal and had as aides J. W. Poor, B. F. James, R. F. Hoy, F. Borden, J. Harley, and W. Mason.

The procession formed with the marshal and aides in the lead, followed by the Reno brass band. The members wore black caps, white shirts, black pants, scarlet sashes and presented a fine appearance. They were followed by a carriage carrying C. H. Eastman, president of the day; William Webster, orator; Orvis Ring, reader; F. R. Girard, chaplain; and E. C. Davis, reciter.

Following this was a beautifully decorated car representing the Temple of Liberty. Jessie Jamison occupied the throne and impersonated the Goddess of Liberty, having for supporters, Miss Hattie Cross, representing Nevada, on the right and Miss Frankie Gibbs, representing California, on her left.

Those representing other states were: Ella Dixon, Delaware; Anna Sterling, Mississippi; Frances Madden, Pennsylvania; Minnie Gibbs, North Carolina; Kate Benham, Arkansas; Jennie Barnes, Georgia; Eva Barnes, Vermont; Cora Cross, Kansas; Lora Cross, Minnesota; Eva Selby, Missouri; Fannie Elliott, Indiana; Belle Worthington, New York; Sarah Webber, Rhode Island; Clara McKinney, Virginia; Annie Godfrey, South Carolina; Hattie Sweet, Massachusetts; Martha Higgins, Wisconsin; Carrie Sessions, Michigan; Mollie Roff, Iowa; Hattie Lewis, Kentucky; Alice Huych, Florida; Ella Peacock, Louisiana; Emma Gibbs, Illinois;

Library
San Jose, Calif.

Etta Lachman, Tennessee; Henrietta Russak, Ohio; Nellie Larcomb, Oregon; Celia Graff, Alabama; Ida Coates, New Hampshire; Jennie Griswold, New Jersey; Mary Biggs, Texas; Katie McLeish, Nebraska; Jennie Moore, Connecticut; Jennie Rhue, Maine; Lila Dixon, West Virginia.

The Mexican war veterans in this procession were J. V. Peers, John P. Richardson, M. C. Lake, Thomas E. Haydon, Al White, Joseph DeBell, J. Graff, N. S. Moore and William Cain. There were many other very interesting features in the procession which was a long one. The exercises were held at Dyers' theatre, which was filled to the limit.

A local paper of Reno on July 6, 1876 says: "No town of its size in the United States more appropriately celebrated the Centennial anniversary of American Independence than our own, and Reno has good reason to be very proud of the showing she made. A party of ladies and gentlemen representing the thirteen original states were attired in the dress peculiar to those olden times. There were Brother Jonathon, George Washington, Patrick Henry and all the other old timers and the ladies, too, of 100 years ago."

The winter of 1872-73 was an open one with precipitation considerably below the normal, but the following winter of 1873-74 was a tough one with frequent blockades on the railroad during February and March, 1874.

L. W. Lee had hay and feed yards and stables on Sierra and Fourth streets and fed, loaded and shipped many beef cattle and mutton for the stockmen. One shipment of cattle had to be loaded and unloaded at Lee's corrals five times before the road remained open long enough to get them over the mountains, there being about thirty feet of snow on the summit.

The passenger trains would get through every few days but by the time the cattle could be loaded and get as far as Boca or Truckee word would come that the road was blocked ahead of them and they had to be brought back to Reno and unloaded. The Washoe zephyrs were so frequent and furious during February and March, 1874 that the road was powerless to overcome them, while they lasted.

It was one of the worst winters ever known on live stock in Western Nevada and Northern California, the greatest loss of stock occurring between the first of March and the first of June, 1874.

The political campaign of 1874 was the greatest and most tangled-up campaign in Washoe County up to that time. Washoe County was loaded up with reformers, shrewd politicians and orators with unlimited lung power. Christopher Columbus Powning became editor of the Nevada State Journal in September, 1872, during the Jones campaign for United States senator. Powning was less than twenty-one years of age at that time but he was one of the ablest young men that ever came to Nevada.

He rose rapidly and in 1874 he landed the nomination for state printer on the Republican ticket.

The reformers of Washoe County organized the Independent party and put up a full county ticket and part of a state ticket, and where they had no candidate for a state office generally selected one from either the Democratic or Republican state ticket. A. J. Hatch was the independent candidate for lieutenant-governor, being on no other ticket.

The state Democratic administration had a large number of men working on the prison walls near where the asylum is now located. Sharon, the candidate for United States senator on the Republican ticket, had many men working along the Virginia and Truckee Railroad on gravel trains and otherwise. The Republicans had a full state and county ticket, but when the returns of the election of Washoe County came in, they showed that the Sharon legislature ticket was defeated, and that nearly the entire independent county ticket was elected, with the Democratic state ticket in the lead, while Powning for state printer had carried the county by more than three hundred majority but had lost out in the state by about one hundred votes.

The Sharon legislature ticket was generally successful in the other counties and he was elected senator by the legislature. There was much money used in that campaign and Sharon was accused by his enemies of even voting the grave yard at Virginia City. Some Comstock poet afterwards composed a few

verses trying to explain how it was done. As I remember them they were somewhat as follows:

"I know a grave yard bleak and barren,
Where lie the friends of William Sharon,
Who, although dead and may be burning,
Are often from the shades returning.
Up to the beck and call of Billy,
To knock the opposition silly,
At break of dawn those sons of witches,
Rise from their grave without their breeches,
Bereft of party ties and collars,
Still swapping votes for twenty dollars,
Dead, decomposed and gone to glory,
God bless the grave yard vote of Storey."

William Woodburn was elected to congress on the Republican ticket. It seems that the leading attorneys of Virginia City, who had been Democrats prior to 1872, became Republicans in 1872 or 1874. One explanation of this incident was that the Democrats in 1872 had forsaken democracy and had nominated a former abolitionist and a rank Black Republican for president.

Another coincidence of the elections of 1872 and 1874 was that the great bulk of money used in those two campaigns in Nevada was by the Republicans, and although 1874 was a Republican year for United States senator and congressman, it was a democratic year for governor, lieutenant-governor, treasurer, state printer and other officers.

Joe Jones was re-elected sheriff of Washoe County; Arrin C. Ross was elected long term commissioner, and Elias Owens, short term commissioner. H. H. Beck, H. H. Hogan and George Alt were elected to the assembly and William Ross to the state senate, all being elected on the Independent ticket of Washoe County.

Jim Burge was a noted character in the early days of Reno. He had a state wide reputation of knowing how to cook beans to perfection. At one time he had a house near where the Carnegie library is now located where many of his old-time friends would partake of a delicious plate of beans.

Another noted character was a man called Straight Edge. He was engaged in hauling dairy products from Sierra Valley to Virginia City and on his way back he would buy potatoes, onions and other vegetables on the Truckee Meadows to take back for the Sierra Valley market. He was as straight in his business dealings as his name would indicate and although I sold him many vegetables I never knew him by any other name.

Phi Bates was always a welcome visitor to Reno and was a regular prince among the good fellows that made the Hymers and Jaynes stable their headquarters.

The year 1874 was a lively one for Reno and Washoe County. The Comstock was booming. The state fair grounds were located and constructed during the summer and fall, and the first state fair

held during October, 1874. Special trains were run from Carson and Virginia City during fair week and large numbers came to the fair from the country north and east of Reno and it seemed as if every rancher on the Truckee Meadows was at the fair grounds.

The travel was so great over the single track wooden bridge at Reno that when a line of carriages going in one direction got possession of the bridge, before that procession could pass the bridge another procession would form on the other side. This condition prevailed every fair week until the construction of the iron bridge in 1877, which was wide enough for teams to pass.

DITCHES AND LUMBERING IN THE EARLY DAYS

The Truckee Meadows were the scene of great activity and development during the '70s. The ditch now known as the Lake ditch was built in 1865 by a company of farmers. It was badly damaged by floods during the winters of 1866-67 and 1867-68.

There was such a big snowfall in the mountains during those two winters that the creeks had plenty of water for irrigation and none was needed from the river, so the ditch was allowed to remain idle. But the debt against the ditch did not remain idle.

It kept growing and the ditch was sold at forced sale by the sheriff and was bought by Hatch & Lake, about 1869 or 1870. It was repaired and water was used on the ranches owned by Hatch & Lake and considerable water was sold by the season to farmers who were improving new ranches.

The Cochrane ditch was built in 1862-63-64. There were two branches. The lower was for the irrigation of mostly natural meadow land, while the upper was for the irrigation of other crops, including alfalfa. The drainage water from the upper ranches was beginning to supply water for the lower ranches. The upper branch of the Cochrane ditch was enlarged between 1869 and 1874 and much of the water was transferred from the lower to the upper branch.

After the building of the South Side and Last Chance ditches during the middle '70s, the drainage water was sufficient to irrigate the land that was formerly irrigated from the lower branch of the Cochrane ditch and connection of that part of the lower branch of the Cochrane ditch with the river was abandoned in 1878. The Steamboat ditch was also constructed about 1878.

Ditch construction was also going on along the north side of the river at about the same time that it was on the south side. Most of the ditches on both sides of the river were built between 1861 and 1880. Some of them may have been enlarged or extended afterwards.

Prior to 1877 the Comstock furnished a good market for all surplus hay on the Truckee Meadows and a number of hay presses were kept busy baling the big crops that were produced. There were some husky and powerful hay pitchers and hay balers on the Truckee Meadows in those days. Orrin Ross, Steve Cleveland, Arthur Lowe and Bob Lee did the biggest day's baling ever done on the Truckee Meadows with any old style hay press.

I was married to Emma Shepphard on February 10, 1876, and on the following night we were serenaded by the firing of muskets, the ringing of cow bells, the rattling of tin cans and the singing of appropriate hymns, all of which were very entertaining.

There was a singing school in the early '70s at the old Huffaker school. I often attended as a spectator and listener, and it was very interesting to me. There was one favorite tune which the singers would first hum; then they would sing it. I never saw the words in print but as I remember them they were something as follows:

"Anjemimy is very old, very kind and clever,
She had a notion of her own that she would marry never.
She made her living day by day, selling of a plaster.
The more you'd try to pull it off the more it stuck the faster.
Sheepskin and beeswax made this awful plaster,

And, the more you'd try to pull it off the more
it stuck the faster."

It was sung with a vim and seemed to make quite a hit.

The Mackay and Fair lumber and wood camps in the mountains, a few miles southwest of Reno, made lively times for Reno and the Truckee Meadows during 1875 and 1876. The wood and lumber was flumed down to Huffakers where it was loaded on to cars and hauled over the Virginia and Truckee railroad to Virginia City. It can be truly said that the Comstock is the tomb of the forests of the Sierra Nevada mountains for a distance of forty or fifty miles.

November 6, 1876, was election day. It was also a very important day at the Peckham farm, for on that day the announcement was made under the head of births—

"To the wife of George E. Peckham, twins, son and daughter."

By a very singular coincidence it was just ten years later to a day than the birth of Charles A. Norcross, their uncle, who was born on election day, November 6, 1866. As I had considerable experience in helping to take care of Charlie and Frank Norcross during their babyhood, it helped me to assist in taking care of the twins without any preliminary red tape of instructions.

The winter of 1874-75 was a mild one with pre-

cipitation below the normal. The winter of 1875-76 was a wet one, with precipitation considerably above the normal, but the winter of 1876-77 was a winter of disastrous drouth in California. It was also dry in Nevada with the exception of one big storm in January, 1877, which deposited about three feet of snow on the Truckee Meadows.

The roof of Dyer's theatre was crushed down by the weight of the snow, and the roofs of other buildings in Reno suffered likewise. The roof of the Winfrey barn collapsed as did other roofs on the Truckee Meadows. The snow was very wet and heavy. It was a peculiar storm, there being little or no wind, and it was the only storm that season that amounted to anything.

The farmers had some very peculiar experience with the money question during 1876 and 1877. It was not a favorable experience, for they were caught both going and coming. The cunning financiers of Johnny Bull were assisting Uncle Sam in their cute way to maintain "our national honor" abroad as well as in Wall Street. Mr. Bull succeeded in getting us to demonetize silver without our knowing about how it was done.

Our subsidiary silver and the Trade Dollars were legal tender to the amount of five dollars. In July, 1876, the limited legal tender of the Trade Dollar was entirely eliminated and this is how it affected the farmers who were selling their hay in Virginia City. We were paid mostly in Trade Dollars with some

subsidiary silver but very seldom did we receive any gold. When we went to pay our bills at the stores or banks with the Trade Dollars they would not receive them except at the market price in gold and it generally took twenty-two of these big Trade Dollars to buy a twenty-dollar gold piece, while it only took twenty-one dollars in subsidiary silver to buy the same amount of gold, although the twenty-two Trade Dollars contained over eleven hundred grains of silver more than did the twenty-one dollars in subsidiary silver coins. The subsidiary silver being legal tender for five dollars was what made them so much more valuable than the Trade Dollars at that time.

Our recent experience, a year or two ago, in getting Mr. Bull to help us stabilize silver at one dollar per ounce shows that he is fully as cute now as he was in 1873.

THE UN-HAIR OF ISAACS; SOME RENO FIRES

After the arrival of Jess Drake and Frank Backus at Reno and the Truckee Meadows, "Big Foot Lamb" and I lost our title for the biggest feet in Reno and vicinity. We held the honor at Galena for nearly two years, but, of course, could not expect to hold that title a great while on the Truckee Meadows against the increasing arrivals of corn-fed huskies from Missouri and other states in the corn

belt, where large feet had become an hereditary characteristic at that time. We surrendered the championship as gracefully as circumstances would permit, and felt kindly toward those who carried off the honors.

Grey & Isaacs had a dry goods store on Virginia street. Mr. Isaacs was not a very large man and his head was almost destitute of hair. Mothers of small children who were patrons of this store would caution their children before going into the store not to say anything about Mr. Isaacs' hair. On one occasion a lady took her little son into this store and, while Mr. Grey was selling her some goods, the little boy became greatly interested in watcthing Mr. Isaacs and, after a careful inspection from all sides, he called to his mother and said,

"Ma, you told me not to talk about Mr. Isaac's hair."

Then, pointing at Mr. Isaacs' head, he said,

"He ain't got no hair to talk about."

During the winter time in the late '70s there was fine skating along the Truckee river and large numbers of young and middle-aged people became expert skaters and had some gay old times. That was forty years or more ago. There are a few of the old boys and elderly girls who took part in those skating bees who are still living and who could tell some thrilling incidents that happened on those festive occasions.

There were two or three consecutive cold winters

ending with 1879-80. One of those winters there was ice on the Riverside mill pond from sixteen to twenty-two inches thick. Large quantities of ice were harvested from this mill pond during those winters.

My wife and I had our first great sorrow when our twin son, Elmer Sherman Peckham, passed from this life the latter part of October, 1877. He was a most lovable child with a disposition that seemed divine.

Thomas H. McGrath, sometimes called "Father McGrath," wrote a letter dated at Virginia City, which was published in a Reno paper of March 3, 1878, telling of several successful tests that Mrs. Bowers, the "Washoe Seeress," had given the people in Virginia City and stating that she was soon to visit Reno. She was the widow of Sandy Bowers of Bowers' Mansion fame.

Early in March, 1878, the announcement was made under the heading of births: "March 2, 1878, to the wife of George E. Peckham, a son."

William Duck, of the firm of Manning & Duck, passed from this life during the late '70s. He was one of the noblest and most generous of men and there has been no death in Reno that created more genuine sorrow among the people of all classes than did the death of William Duck.

C. A. Bragg & Co. were in the lumber business and were delivering lumber anywhere in Reno for

from $13 to $15 per thousand in small quantities. Carload prices were lower.

The grasshopper plague was bad on the Truckee Meadows in 1879, 1880 and 1881, and the first crop of alfalfa had to be cut very early to save it. The second crop was generally a failure and, unless the wheat had been planted very early, the crop was very light. At one time it looked as if the grasshoppers would ruin the farming industry, as they were getting worse every year, but about 1881 a pest came to destroy them and they died by the millions before they had destroyed all the crops of that year.

It was claimed by a few that it was the grasshoppers that caused Nevada to go Democratic for president in 1880, as at that time we had experienced two years of grasshoppers in parts of Nevada and it was remarked that where the grasshoppers were the worst in the farming districts was where the Democrats made their biggest gains among the farmers. It was the first election where Nevada went Democratic for president.

The total vote of Washoe County for congressman in 1880 was one thousand five hundred and eighty-eight, which was three hundred and nine less than the vote of Washoe County for governor in 1864.

Under the head of births the following was announced: "January 26, 1880, to the wife of George E. Peckham, a daughter."

Prior to 1880 Reno had suffered severely by several fires. On the night of October 29, 1873, a fire started on Commercial Row, between Virginia and Sierra streets that destroyed or greatly damaged more than a hundred buildings.

On Sunday morning, March 2, 1879, another fire started that destroyed ten blocks or more, and caused great damage, estimated at more than $850,000. This last fire was during one of the worst windstorms ever experienced in Reno. It was estimated that the wind attained a velocity at times of eighty miles an hour. Fences were blown down in all directions, the air was full of dirt and flying debris and it seemed as if Satan had full charge of the elements and was trying to make a record.

The winter of 1877-78 was above the average for precipitation. The winter of 1878-79 was below the normal. The season of 1879-80 was a wet one, with April, 1880, the wettest month of the season and the wettest April on record. The total snowfall at the summit that month was two hundred and ninety-eight inches, equal to a water precipitation of thirty and one-tenth inches. The big storm that month lasted a week or more and from start to finish the railroad was blockaded about nine days. At Sacramento the heaviest twenty-four hour rainfall ever recorded there occurred on the 20th and 21st of April, 1880. The amount was seven and twenty-four hundredths inches and all fell within twenty-four hours. The heaviest twenty-four hour rainfall

on record in San Francisco occurred on December 19, 1886, when the precipitation was seven and seventy-five hundredths inches of rain.

When we consider that the precipitation in wet seasons on the watershed of Tahoe is often more than double what it is in San Francisco or Sacramento, it shows what a large amount of water could be stored in Tahoe in one of those wet seasons if the lake were put in a condition to hold it.

Dan Boyd was first elected treasurer of Washoe County at the election held on November 7, 1878, and was re-elected to that office at each subsequent election up to and including 1912, making eighteen consecutive times that he was elected treasurer of Washoe County, a record that has never been equaled by any other official of Washoe County, or perhaps in the state of Nevada.

A few years prior to his death, which occurred early in June, 1914, he and I were talking about old times around Washoe City and Galena and about the great political meeting held at Washoe City a few nights before the election in 1864. Dan was on the platform with Gov. Nye witnessing the torchlight procession. He said that when the Galena delegation appeared coming over the ridge and marching down the grade in full view of Washoe City it was the grandest sight he ever saw in any political campaign. He seemed greatly enthused when describing it and feeling was mutual, for I was one of the Galena delegation that night. Dan Boyd was a very

quiet, unassumnig man, but he was the very soul of honor, and left a record that any family, or any county or state, could be proud of.

PASTIMES OF OLD WASHOE IN THE EARLY '80s

The Athenian Literary Society of Huffakers was organized at the Huffaker school house during the late '70s and continued for a number of years. All kinds of literary exercises were indulged in, including recitations, eulogies, songs, debates, mock trials and the reading of a paper with the neighborhood news, which always made a great hit.

One of the prominent members of this society, whose first name was Henry, was arrested by the society and tried for stealing a number of fat hens from Tom Lamberth, another member of the society. It was a jury trial and the evidence disclosed that Henry had robbed a bee hive from another farmer a short time before he made the raid on the chicken house. In his haste to rob the bee hive and escape being stung by the bees he accidentally broke some of the honey comb and got considerable honey on his hands and clothes, and by the time he got home with the honey he had soiled his clothes and hat with it in numerous places.

In due time Henry was on the inside of the Lamberth chicken house and, being an expert roustabout,

he was soon on the road home with some choice fat hens. Many of the hens were shedding and even before he got out of the chicken house he was covered with feathers.

William Wright was the main witness against Henry and testified that when Henry was running by his place with the chickens, his dogs began to bark furiously and as soon as he opened his front door Henry became alarmed and increased his speed to such an extent that his hat bounced off into the road. Mr. Wright went out and picked up the hat, took it into the house and brushed off enough of the feathers to find the initials of the owner, who was an old acquaintance of Mr. Wright. The evidence was conclusive that Henry had stolen the chickens. He was caught with the goods.

But his attorney made such an eloquent and powerful plea to the jury, demanding the acquittal of his client on the ground of emotional insanity and as a public necessity, that the jury soon rendered a verdict of not guilty. The prosecuting attorney and the foreman of the jury then apologized to Henry for causing him so much humiliation, and offered to help clean some of the feathers from his clothes.

There was a very entertaining breach of promise suit and there were many soul-stirring debates at the meeting of the Athenian Literary Society, some of which may be referred to at some future time.

The following appeared in a Reno paper of November 4, 1880:

'The Blue Ribbon Club at a recent meeting drew up the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Blue Ribbon Club and the Athenian Literary Society of Huffakers, hereby tender our hearty thanks to the printers of the Journal and Gazette and the citizens of Reno for assistance in buying our organ, which is now paid for, and if at any time we can return the compliment we will be happy to do so.

"GEORGE PECKHAM, President.
"LAURA WIMBERLY, Secretary."

The winter of 1880-81 was a wet one, making two consecutive wet seasons.

President Garfield was shot on July 2, 1881 and died September 19, 1881. C. S. Varian delivered a eulogy on Garfield at Reno on September 26, 1881, and Ex-Governor Woods of Oregon also delivered a very eloquent address on Garfield at the Baptist church in Reno.

The narrow gauge railroad shooting affair occurred in Reno on September 27, 1881. Two men were shot and Mr. Scoville was mortally wounded, but Mr. Balch who was shot through the lung recovered. Both men told who they thought shot them, but afterwards at the preliminary examination it was shown that they were probably both mistaken. There was much mystery about the number of shots fired and where they came from, and the evidence

was so conflicting that the attorneys did not seem to know where they were at, and some of them became quite sarcastic in criticising some of the evidence of several witnesses.

As I remember it, one of those in the room at the time the shooting took place had deposited $14,000 to the credit of this company in one of the banks in Reno, but it had a string to it. One of the attorneys at the trial or examination, said that the string to this $14,000 reminded him of the rubber string that an old deacon had attached to a big silver dollar and every time the contribution plate was passed around at church he would put this silver dollar in the plate with a loud click, then he would straighten out his fingers and the silver dollar would pass up his sleeve from the under side of his hand.

Some of the other witnesses were very positive about what they saw and heard, and this attorney seemed to have it in for the deacons, for he said the evidence reminded him of the two deacons who went to church together one Sunday morning, and as they arrived at the church, one of the deacons, who prided himself on his keen eyesight, asked the other deacon if he could see that fly on the top of the spire of the steeple. The other deacon looked up at the spire, then he turned his ear in that direction and told his companion that he could not see the fly, but he knew the fly was there for he could hear him step.

Under the head of births the following announcement was made:

"December 22, 1881, to the wife of George E. Peckham, a son," (James).

The winter of 1881-82 was a dry one but there was a big snowfall in March, 1882. The storm began on March 9 and continued with more or less snow daily until March 16, and, although the snow was not more than two and one-half feet deep on the Truckee Meadows at any time during the storm, there must have been a total fall of five or six feet of snow, if each day's snowfall had been measured separately. Every afternoon during the storm the snow settled rapidly.

The farmers of the Truckee Meadows first began to feel the effects of over-production of hay in 1877 and 1878. Then the three years of grasshoppers and the large amount of teaming from Carson to Bodie during the boom days of that camp, about 1880, used up the sulplus hay; but after the grasshopper plague subsided in 1881, then the farmers began to see some pretty tough times, with hay a great drug on the market. Some seasons much of the hay could not be sold and was carried over from one season to another.

This old hay, when carried over, would some times be damaged by the periodical wet seasons of those days and would occasionally be sold as low as $2.50 per ton, on a crude measurement that would take four thousand pounds of hay or more to equal one ton of measurement.

Frank Backus, a well known character around Reno for many years, had a most remarkable career. There was some dispute about his exact age, but from talking with Frank himself, Joe Peers and Al Longley, the best information I could get, he was born in August, 1790, at St. Genevieve, which is below St. Louis near the Mississippi river. Frank's owner brought him with a few other slaves to Hangtown (now called Placerville) in 1850. Frank worked in the mines until he had earned his owner enough to pay for his freedom and continued to work around mining camps and other places for a number of years afterwards. He came to Crystal Peak about 1867 and to Reno in the early days where he was engaged in various kinds of work and was employed much of the time around the slaughter houses.

During the '70s and early '80s Frank did considerable work on the head of Cochrane ditch. I often worked with him when repairing the wing dam at the river. Frank was a powerful man and could do more work at ninety years of age than most men at forty. When he was about one hundred years of age he had the misfortune to break his leg and it was thought that he could not long survive, for it was reported that gangrene had developed and his end was near. But Frank did not die, and he referred to it years afterwards, saying that "two of the doctors who predicted my early death have been dead for years and here I am still hale and hearty."

I frequently met Frank after he was able to be

around on crutches. Sometimes he was in need of a donation for refreshments. On one occasion I asked Frank how long he ever went between drinks. He leaned on his crutches, took off his hat, scratched his head as though in deep study and then replied, "I'll tell ye what it is, Massa Peckham, I don't think I ever went over two hours, but I always drink the best of liquor." Then he told me, half confidentially, "It's the cheap China gin that knocks the boys out." Frank received a donation and went his way rejoicing. He lived to a ripe old age and passed from this life in February, 1913, not less than one hundred and eighteen years old and probably one hundred and twenty-two years and six months.

EARLY DAY SCHOOLMA'AM AND THAT FAMOUS BALL

There was one dance at the William Everett Hall at Huffakers for the benefit of the Athenian Literary Society organ fund that is deserving of much more than a passing notice.

The Huffaker school at that time had one of the most remarkable school ma'ams that ever taught school on the Truckee Meadows. She boarded at the Norcross residence, located on what is now the Fife farm. At first the school ma'am thought she would not be able to walk such a long distance to the

school house, it being about one and one-fourth miles distant.

But fate had provided three butcher wagons that were delivering fresh meat from Reno out through the Huffaker district. Two of these wagons went out on the same day, going every other day, while the other wagon went out on the odd days. This furnished a ride for the school ma'am every school day during the week.

The day the two wagons went out there was a keen rivalry between the two drivers to see which one could get to the Norcross residence first, the first arrival there having the pleasure of taking the school ma'am to school. The rivalry became so keen that one or the other of them would often arrive at the Norcross home before the school ma'am was up but it was a pleasure for the driver to wait until she had taken her time to get up, dress and eat her breakfast.

The result was she never had to walk either going or coming from the school, but on one occasion the meat wagon could not get there on time, and one of the leading druggists of Reno seemed to know about it in time to be there with one of the most stylish livery rigs in Reno and escorted her home.

She was a fine singer and an organ was needed to make the singing more attractive. A proposal was made by the school ma'am and an elderly farmer that they buy an organ and pay for it by giving a few dances. The school ma'am was such a favorite with

the elderly boys that the scheme went through with a rush and a dance was held at the Everett Hall a short time afterwards.

The school ma'am had many offers from would-be escorts to take her to the dance. She accepted the offer of one of the leading attorneys of Reno, and there were more old men at that dance than at any other ever held at Everett Hall. It was a huge success financially and otherwise, and was not over until towards daylight the next morning. The attorney and the school ma'am took their time to start home. They waited a while after getting into the buggy for the others to start, but the others were in no hurry, so the attorney and the school ma'am had to lead the procession of carriages. When the attorney would drive his horse on a brisk trot or slow down the others would do likewise. The attorney drove nearly half way from the Norcross lane to Reno, and then turned around and drove back and the whole procession followed.

Mrs. Norcross had stayed at the hall to help take care of the supper dishes and straighten things out and when she arrived home was greatly surprised to see the long procession of carriages which had the appearance of a funeral procession. Of course a few explantions followed and then the school ma'am and Mrs. Norcross went into the house. The procession dispersed, some traveling in a southerly direction after reaching the Virginia road while others went in a northerly direction. The attorney arrived

home about sunrise. The old adage was again verified, that "truth is often stranger than fiction."

Reno was very quiet and of very slow growth during the middle '80s, and a good share of the time up to 1898, so we may occasionally refer to the stirring events that happened at the Athenian Literary Society to liven matters up a little. Sardis Summerfield became teacher at the Huffaker school in 1882. He also became a member of the Athenian Literary Society of Huffakers and took an active part in the proceedings of that celebrated organization.

Reno did not celebrate on July 4, 1883, but there were five carloads of Reno people who went to the celebration at Virginia City.

On the twentieth of September, 1883, a party of seven ranchers, including A. M. Lamb, G. W. Huffaker and Ben James, started for the northern country on a hunting expedition. They had plenty of guns, ammunition and grub.

The following announcement was made under the heading of births:

"To the wife of George E. Peckham, a son," (Alfred).

The season of 1883-84 was a wet one. The wettest months were February, March and April, 1884, and June, 1884 was the wettest June on record in both California and Nevada. Another peculiar feature was that it was the wettest season on record in Southern California, the precipitation at Los Angeles exceeding forty inches for the season. Here in Ne-

vada, April, 1884, was also a very wet month, and in June, 1884, the rain lasted several days. The hills became so soft in some localities that stock would mire down. The hills were afterwards covered with rank vegetation and there was an abundance of feed the remainder of the season.

Hay was such a drug on the market in the spring of 1884 that it was practically unsalable, but a neighbor of mine was fortunate enough that spring to find a very generous stock man who was willing to pay him $4 per ton for a stack of hay on the following measurement:

It must be measured by the government rule, five hundred and twelve cubic feet for a ton, and before the five hundred and twelve feet could begin to count, two feet each on the width, height and length of the hay stack had to be deducted.

This left the farmer about $2 per ton for the good hay and nothing for the damaged hay which was at least one-fourth of the total. It had been a very hard winter on hay stacks and yet this farmer did better than many other farmers who could not sell their hay at any price from lack of demand.

Those were the good old days when people who had the price could live cheap and those who did not have the price could line up at the free soup houses and get a plate of soup, but the diet was none too nourishing.

Gen. B. F. Butler was the "Greenbackers' " candidate for president in 1884. A Reno paper called

the Plaindealer was supporting him with a vim, until Butler said something that was not satisfactory to his Washoe County admirers. Then his name was turned upside down in the local paper and most of the Greenbacker vote that year was cast for James G. Blaine for president.

There were many balky horses on the Truckee Meadows in the early days of Reno. On one occasion a widow lady had driven to town from her farm a number of miles from Reno, out on the south Virginia road, and when she had completed her shopping in Reno and had started home, she had occasion to stop a short time on the hills near where the Ward residence is now located. When she attempted to start her team again one of the horses balked and refused to move.

The situation was becoming very embarrassiing to her, when a farmer whose first name was Robert, drove up and offered to assist the widow to get her team started. He tied his team to a fence and then went to work. He tried a number of methods but the horse would not move. He became excited, used loud and forceful language, and finally hit the horse back of the ear with the butt end of his blacksnake and knocked the horse down.

A Baptist minister engaged in choir or singing practice at the house just opposite where the trouble was, heard the loud talk of the farmer and opened the door just in time to see the horse fall. He came out and got to the team just as the horse had arisen.

He took hold of his bridle, patted him on the neck, stroked his face and nose and the horse started off all right. The minister remarked: "That shows what kindness will do." The widow thanked the minister and smiled approvingly, but the farmer was ignored. This was too much for the farmer who told the minister in a voice that could be heard a block or more away and must have been heard by the widow: "That damned horse never would have moved a peg if I hadn't knocked him down; that's what did the job. That horse was ready to go as soon as he got up. I did the work and you get the credit, but such is life. Good bye."

EVERYBODY RACED HORSES IN RENO IN THE '80s

Although times were pretty hard in Reno and on the Truckee Meadows during the '80s, there were a number of people in Reno who kept speedy horses and took delight in racing on the public highways.

Mr. and Mrs. Geise were the owners of a very fast trotter but a very slow walker. They would often take a drive out on the South Virginia road until they would meet a driver who thought he had a speedy horse or team. Then Mr. Geise would turn around and come up behind the party that prided himself on his fast team and there would be

a race. For a while it would look as though it was going to be very close, then the other party would feel sure that Mr. and Mrs. Geise would get left, but a minute or two later the Geise horse would show a brilliant burst of speed and leave the vanquished horse and driver far in the rear.

There were a few farmers who also indulged in racing and were the owners of some very speedy horses. Among these farmers with a fast horse or two was Abraham Banta, one of the leading members of the Methodist church. At the time the following incident happened, a Methodist minister was the possessor of a fast horse and had a slight weakness for indulging in a race occasionally.

I was coming home from town one day and was driving at a very moderate gait when I heard a loud racket and looked back. It looked as if a couple of teams were running away. They were close together so I drove down the side of the road and gave them plenty of room to pass, but in place of its being a runaway it was a race between Mr. Banta and the Methodist minister. Mr. Banta was driving two horses to his spring wagon and had some ladies with him. One of his horses was a very fast trotter and the other horse was running his best to keep up. The minister had a one horse rig. He was alone in the buggy, had on a high hat tipped a little to one side and had a very sporty appearance, but there was a look of grim determination on the countenance of both drivers to win the race.

When they passed me they were about even. I could not now tell which was in the lead. The race continued to the J. C. Smith home, where the Moffat residence is now located. If the race started about where the Cochrane ditch crosses the Virginia road within the city limits, it must have continued a distance of two miles or more. I met the minister as he was returning to town after it was over and from the joyful expression on his face, I don't believe he lost.

Tom Norcross and Al. Longley, two farmers who lived in the Huffaker district, drove some very fast horses and neither one of them would allow a neighbor to pass them on the road if they could possibly prevent it. Many are the races that Al. Longley and Abraham Banta have had in the long ago when they were on the road home from church.

The season of 1884-85 was below the normal for precipitation but the season of 1885-6 was a very wet one. The farmers had two or three years' hay crop on hand and it was nearly all in the stack. Many of the stacks settled and rotted down so they were not much or any higher than the corral fences. November, 1885, was the wettest November ever experienced in California or Nevada. December was wet and January was very wet.

I was one of the unfortunates, and had three years' hay crop on hand that winter, and was heavily in debt, but received considerable consolation from another unfortunate neighbor who told me I ought to

be thankful that the situation was not worse. I had plenty of hope that there was a good time coming and if it did not come in this world it would in the next. But I did not have to wait that long. The cattle market was in about as bad shape as the hay market. An English company was feeding about eight hundred head of cattle in Steamboat Valley. The hay the company had bought in the fall to feed to these cattle began to give out in March, 1886. Then I began to sell my hay to this English company and before the fifteenth of April I was feeding the entire eight hundred head, also one hundred and thirty-five head for an Oakland firm, and was feeding some of the cattle until June 4, 1886. I fed out the three-years' hay crop and got out of debt and my credit was improved so I could stand another siege of low prices and glutted markets. The English company lost heavily on their cattle. They shipped a trainload to Chicago, as catttle were practically unsalable here.

In those days the farmers and stock men would have one good year out of three or four but the lean years became so regular that many of the farmers expected them, and were not disappointed.

One little incident that happened in 1871 may act as a tonic after reading about the tough times during the '80s. When the California state fair was being held at Sacramento during the fall of 1871, Virginia City was in its glory, and money was very plentiful. Large numbers of people came to Reno by stages

and other conveyances from Virginia City, Carson and other localities to take the train for Sacramento and the California state fair.

It took several extra cars to accommodate the crowd that had gathered at Reno. I was one of the crowd. We were to eat our breakfast at Colfax the next morning. On our arrival at Colfax the eating house nearest the track was soon filled to capacity and I was with the overflow that had to go to another eating house a block distant.

Considerable time was taken up in getting into the hotel and, by the time the first arrivals had got within reach of the food and were beginning to eat, the whistle blew for us to come back to the train, and we could hear the call of "all aboard." Of course there was a stampede to get back to the train. There was a little delay in getting out of the hotel, but the train was held long enough to allow the hotel keeper to collect his fee from the hungry passengers as they were passing out of his door.

We arrived in Sacramento in time for dinner. I got a good square meal at the Western Hotel and had plenty of time to eat. Sacramento was a lively place and it seemed as if half the people of California were at the fair. I went out to the track more to see the grounds and the crowd than the race. I got mixed in with the crowd and whichever way the crowd went I was carried along and when the horse or horses were coming around on the home stretch it seemed as if the crowd had gone crazy. The yelling

was deafening. That was all the horse racing that I wanted to see under those distressing conditions.

When I went back to the Western Hotel to see about a place to sleep, the rooms were all taken and I was very fortunate to get a chance to sleep in a place called "the corral." It was in a very large room with many beds on the floor and each bed was occupied. I did not sleep much that night for a number of reasons. I should judge from the amount of coughing going on that night, that at least twenty per cent of those in "the corral" had the consumption. Another twenty per cent were snoring and the same percentage were swearing. Of the remainder, some seemed to be talking in their sleep. I was not a bit nervous, but although these events were quite entertaining to me and will always remain a pleasant memory, yet I made up my mind that I would sleep in some other place the next night.

The total vote cast in Washoe county for governor in 1886 was one thousand three hundred and sixty-two, while that cast for governor in this county in 1864 was one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven. There were five hundred and thirty-five fewer voters in Washoe County in 1886 than there were in 1864. It is no wonder that the old boys and elderly girls of Washoe County take pride in referring to the old days of 1864, when Washoe City, Galena, Ophir, Franktown and Mill Station were in their glory.

MORE HOLIDAYS AND POLITICS

Walter Hastings was living in the Huffaker district and joined the Athenian Literary Society about the same time that Sardis Summerfield did in the early '80s. They were both very active members and took part in many of the stirring events of that famous society. Charles and Frank Norcross also began taking an active part in the literary exercises about the time that Mr. Summerfield and Mr. Hastings became members. But Charles Norcross made his first hit with the society at a Christmas entertainment on Christmas eve, 1879.

At that time Charles was thirteen years of age, but looked much older. When he was but eleven years of age his mother had to pay full fare to get him into the circus. She had bought two half-fare tickets for him and Frank, but when the ticket receiver looked at Charles he refused to accept a half-fare ticket and declared that Charles was a man and would never see twenty-one again, and the full fare was paid before he was allowed to enter the circus.

At the Christmas entertainment in 1879 Charles was dressed to represent an old doctor who had the greatest medical discovery of this or any other age. He was standing up behind a long table on which was a large number of volumes of certificates of wonderful cures which his great medical discovery had

accomplished. When he was explaining to his audience how some of these miraculous cures had been effected, he would bring down the piece of rubber hose which he held in his hand on the table with such force as to make a loud report. This was done to emphasize the great power of his wonderful remedy. Two bottles of this powerful medicine had cured a man who had been blown into a million atoms—he was in the center of a powder mill when the explosion occurred. Charles read numerous other certificates of wonderful cures equally as miraculous as the first one. His audience was delighted and was in a very joyful mood when the other festivities and the distribution of the Christmas presents began.

The Fourth of July celebration at Reno in 1887 was grand, as described in part by the local paper of July 6, 1887. The floral car was enveloped in soft white cloth decorated only with festoons of evergreens. Leota Ranous was the fair queen and the various flowers were represented by the following little girls: Choice Brookins, snowball; Bessie Webster, red rose; May Perry, red geranium; Sadie Dealy, honeysuckle; Sadie Phillips, marguerite; Ada Phillips, apple blossom; Bessie Evans, pansy; Grace Benson, pink rosebud; Lulu Becker, red poppy; Eva Beamer, violet; Vera Novacovich, buttercup; Katie Kline, pink geranium; Delia Levy, oleander; Beatrice Hart, yellow rose; Ethel Nelson, white rose; Mabel Bouton, pink; Edith Boyd, pink rosebud; Etta Douglas, forget-met-not; Mabel Sun-

derland, daisy; Ethel Boyd, pink rosebud; Elsie Mundel, marigold; Annie Sunderland, bluebell; Annie Graff, larkspur; Dora Abrahams, pink. The car was guarded by outriders in glistening suits—Lemmy Osburn and Charlie Becker.

The Car of State was beautifully decorated in the national colors. Miss Alexa Finlayson in an appropriate costume was the Goddess of Liberty and the various states were represented by a group of very pretty girls.

A carriage was provided for the following committee of ladies, who were responsible for the preparation of the cars: Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. King, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Osburn, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Novacovich, Mrs. Powning, most ably assisted by Mrs. Preble, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Miss Leila Dixon.

The exercises were held in the theatre. There was singing by Dick Jose and Miss Flora Finlayson, the reading of the Declaration of Independence by R. H. Lindsay. Miss McIntosh read one of Charlie Goodwin's poems and the oration was by H. F. Bartine. The music was under the direction of Miss Quaiffe. The Antiques and Horribles were also a very entertaining feature and at 2 P. M. there was a very successful balloon ascension, the balloon rising about two thousand feet above the town and then landing safely in Conner's nursery.

We had some very forcible political speakers during the early days, some of whom would make ex-

travagant assertions in order to enthuse the audience and create thunders of applause.

I attended a political meeting in Reno when Cassidy was a candidate for congress and was surprised at the boldness with which he made many of his assertions, but they had the desired effect and the people of his audience were very generous in their applause. One of his most forcible statements that night, as I remember it was as follows:

"Be it recorded to the credit of the great Democratic party that it never granted an acre of public domain to any corporation under the sun."

This assertion was greeted with such tumultous and prolonged applause that the orator had to wait some time before he could proceed. Then he electrified his audience again when he told how the Democrats had saved the Union during the War of the Rebellion. He did it in the following neat way, as I remember it:

"If every man that voted for Abraham Lincoln in 1860 was in the Union Army they would be one million four hundred thousand short and that number had to be made up from the ranks of Democracy. Now it is reasonable to suppose that not more than one-half the men that voted for Abraham Lincoln in 1860 were in the Army. Consequently this number would also have to be made good by Democrats." The applause that greeted this very forcible statement was again deafening and long con-

tinued and I believe it was one of the most enthusiastic political meetings I ever attended.

The next morning I was in town and went into Jerry Schooling's store, which was a kind of headquarters for Democrats, to congratulate him on the great success of the meeting the night before and also on the great enthusiasm that prevailed. Then I asked Jerry if he thought Cassidy knew anything about the numerous land grants to railroads during the administration of Franklin Pierce, who was always supposed to be a Democrat. I also asked him if he had noticed how ridiculously incorrect was Cassidy's statement about the huge number of Democrats in the Union Army. He seemed greatly surprised and thought I was mistaken; for Cassidy had made those assertions with such great force, he thought they must be true. Just then Kittrell, one of the leading Democrats of the state, came in and Jerry told him what I had said. Kittrell looked at me and told me I should never attend a Democratic meeting for the purpose of criticising the speaker; that he always had plenty of trouble and, if he could arouse unbounded enthusiasm as Cassidy had done, by expanding the truth in his own way he should do so, and that, "where ignorance is bliss" it would be "folly to be wise." I saw the logic of what he said and the subject was then changed. Kittrell went out and Jerry and I began to talk about old times at Washoe City in 1864, as we were quite well acquainted at that time.

The recent passing from this life of Lawrence Haslund revives many memories of the long ago, some of which are tinged with sadness, when we think of the loved ones who have "gone before." It was about fifty-four years ago when I first met Lawrence Haslund. We were always the best of friends and in later years took great pleasure in relating many of the interesting events that took place around Glendale in the early days and at the old Glendale spelling school.

One half of those who went to the Glendale school in 1866 when I did are still living and I have often thought of that old song called "Twenty Years Ago" that was sung at the Glendale spelling school, more than fifty years ago. It follows:

I have wandered by the village, Tom;
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school house playing ground,
which sheltered you and me;
But none are left to greet me, Tom;
and few are left to know,
That play'd with us upon the green
just twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, dear Tom;
barefooted boys at play
Are sporting just as we were then
with spirits just as gay.

But master sleeps upon the hill,
all coated o'er with snow,
That afforded us a sliding place,
just twenty years ago.

The old school house is altered some,
the benches are replaced,
By new ones, very like the same
our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the walls,
the bell swings to and fro,
The music's just the same, dear Tom,
'twas twenty years ago.

The boys are playing same old game,
beneath the same old tree;
I do forget the name just now—
you have played the same with me;
On that same spot 'twas played with knives,
by throwing so and so;
The leaders had a task to do, there,
just twenty years ago.

The river is running just as still;
the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom;
the stream appears less wide.
The grape vine swing is ruined now,
where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts, pretty girls,
just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
close by the spreading beach,
Is very high—'twas once so low
that we could almost reach;
But in kneeling down to get a drink,
dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed,
since twenty years ago.

Down by a spring upon an elm,
you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart is just beneath it, Tom,
and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark—
'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as the one whose name you cut,
did twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, dear Tom,
but tears came in my eyes —
I thought of her I loved so well,
those early broken ties;
I visted the old church-yard,
and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved,
some twenty years ago.

Some are in the church-yard laid,
some sleep beneath the sea,

But few are left of our old class,
excepting you and me.
But when our time shall come, dear Tom
and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we play'd
just twenty years ago.

NOW PROMINENT LAWYER'S MISADVENTURE AT DANCE

It was a long time ago when a prominent Reno attorney, whose first name is Sardis, began going out in society. At that time he was exceedingly bashful and very easily flustered when in the presence of young ladies. For the first time he was invited to a select party where he was to become acquainted with a number of society ladies and he had made great preparation for the event.

A short time before he was to appear at this select gathering he concluded he would have to get a new pair of shoes that were more stylish than the pair he had on. There was no time to lose and when he arrived at the shoe store after a brisk walk his socks had become so damp that he had to buy a new pair before he could get his new shoes on. In his haste, he absent-mindedly put the old pair of socks in his coat pocket leaving the old shoes at the shoe store for a few minor repairs. Then he started for the place

where he was to make his first appearance in cultured society.

Sardis arrived a little late and the introductions were all over except in his case. On being introduced to a young lady he had the misfortune when he was bringing his left foot around to the third position to twist the ankle of the foot he was standing on. This was quite painful and prevented him from holding the left foot in the proper position long enough to complete the courtesy.

This was very embarrassing to Sardis who began to perspire quite freely and in reaching for his handkerchief he got hold of the socks, one of which dropped on the floor near the young gent who had introduced Sardis to the young lady, but he did not realize what had happened until he began to wipe the perspiration from his face with the other sock.

What followed was altogether too harrowing and painful to repeat, but from what I heard, his feelings were similar to mine at the time I was learning to dance at Galena some fifty-five years ago, when a husky bullwhacker gave an elderly lady an old-fashioned swing just as I had landed on her long trail with one of my big feet. Nobody but a bashful man with a similar experience would know how to sympathize with Sardis in his trouble, as above described.

The winter of 1886-87 was below the normal precipitation but there was one big snow storm about the middle of February, 1887, that left about two and one-half to three feet of snow on the Truckee

SARDIS ENTERING SOCIETY.

Meadows. The season of 1887-88 was a very dry one. The river became so low the latter part of August, 1888, that the farmers employed James Mayberry to take a crew of men up to Lake Tahoe and clean out the outlet of the lake so as to increase the flow in the Truckee river. This was done and there was plenty of water the remainder of the season.

The season of 1888-89 was also another very dry season but there was one good storm between May 4 and May 12, 1889, that left from four to ten feet of new snow on the higher elevations in the mountains. This made plenty of water for the first crop of alfalfa and grain, but during most of July and all of August and September the Truckee river was very low.

There were several water meetings that summer with a little loud talk about fights and law suits, but wiser counsel prevailed, the threatened trouble was adjusted, we all got some water and the shrinkage in the second crop was more than made good to the farmers by increase in prices. At one of the ditch meetings an elderly farmer who owned two good ranches became excited and declared he would law away both ranches, then he would fight in blood up to his waist and die in the last ditch before he would give up his water, but after he had relieved himself of his pent-up emotion he felt better and there was no more trouble.

The winter of 1889-90 was an equalizer and piled up immense quantities of snow on the mountains, the

snow being thirty feet deep at Summit. The railroad was blockaded for sixteen days in January, 1890, and several days during February. On the Truckee Meadows the lanes running east and west were drifted full of snow and the farmers had to drive through the fields to get to the Virginia road. The weather was intensely cold; some days the temperature would hover around zero all day. If a winter like that were to occur here again it would put the autos and trucks out of commission for at least two months, but the people could again learn how to walk and carry a market basket and it would furnish them with good healthy exercise and give them a rest from the speed mania that is rapidly being developed by joy riding over the paved highways in high-speed touring cars.

A winter like 1889-90 would also be an eye-opener to those who do not yet know the capacity of Lake Tahoe as a reservoir for irrigation. The spring and summer of 1890, Lake Tahoe rose five and one-half feet with the outlet wide open and enough water ran to waste that spring and summer to have raised the lake several feet more had it been held in the lake. In a summer like 1890 there is enough snow on the other watershed of the Truckee river for irrigation and the Tahoe supply could be held over for other seasons when needed.

During the tough times in the late '70s, '80s and most of the '90s, Washoe County became noted for its many able discussions on the money question. It

had become generally known at that time by these students of finance that it was the financial legislation after the Civil War in the interest of the cunning financiers and creditors of Europe, as well as a few in the United States, that caused the great panic of 1873, with other panics and great financial distress among producing and business interests of this country for the twenty-five years following The financial question was frequently debated at the headquarters of the Athenian Literary Society of Huffakers at the Huffaker school house during the late '70s and early '80s These debates were very instructive and may be referred to later.

TRUCKEE DICK'S MAKE-UP; GENERAL WEAVER IN NEVADA

An old acquaintance of mine very kindly told me a few days ago that I would never make a journalist, that I scattered too much and that I had better quit. He was very generous with his advice and showed no signs of embarrassment. Other critics have been much more complimentary and have told me they enjoy reading my recollections of old times very much—some say they had rather read them than go to a picture show. With this humble apology for my scattering style of writing (which is sometimes embellished with a typographical error), I may con-

tinue to write a few more stories about what happened a long time ago.

Truckee Dick, when in his prime, was a fine physical specimen of the Washoe Indian and should be classed as one of the pioneer native sons of Nevada. He was about six or eight years old when the Donner party camped for a few days in October, 1846, near where Reno is now located. Truckee Dick lived on the Peckham farm for a number of years and up to a few years ago was quite active. He was straight as a pine and when riding on horseback he sat up as erect as did Straight Edge when he was hauling dairy and other products from Sierra and other valleys to Virginia City in the long ago. When the farmers were getting their turkeys ready for market for the holidays, Dick would select the best feathers he could find and put them away until the following summer. In those days Dick went to Lake Tahoe every summer when the tourists were plentiful and did more or less business selling fish and curiosities to the pale faces. I never was at the lake when Dick was there, but, if he was decorated with the shiny turkey feathers he had selected about Christmas time, he must have been a great attraction to tourists.

Among the other pioneers of what is now Western Nevada who were here during the late '50s were Dick Martin, Lo Smith, Jim Smith, Gov. Frank Bell and B. F. Leete. Then there were Bob Gracey, Harry Fogg and W. F. Everett, who landed in Virginia City in 1860; also Orville Sessions, C. H.

Rulison, Jack Fraser, A. M. Lamb, Bill Lyell, Al Sellers and Marion Sellers, who were here in the early '60s. Then there were Sam Wilbur and George Peckham, who did not arrive in Nevada until in the spring of 1864, but they will soon have been here long enough to be entitled to "honorable mention." G. W. Mapes and Dave Ridenour were driving beef cattle or mutton sheep to Virginia City by way of the Truckee Meadows more than fifty years ago.

The stables and feed yards of L. W. Lee at Reno during the '70s and early '80s were a favorite resort where many dealers in live stock, hay, grain and pasture would congregate. Nearly all of these old boys have passed over the divide to their reward. Among them were L. W. Lee, L. Brooks, Bill Hope, George Humphrey, Newt. Evans, Alvaro Evans, Dave Martin, Lou Clark, Barney Horn, Charles Zeigler, Wallace Shoals, Dan Wheeler, McCoughnehey Brothers, Louis Dean, Al Longley, Abraham Banta, L. Gerber, Bill McKay, Bill Callighan, George Douglas, Dave Evans, John Slavin, G. R. Holcomb, Martin Ward, Olin Ward, Albert Ward, Barney Clow, John Wright, William Wright, Jack O'Brien, Bill Anderson, George Bailey, W. L. Bailey, Sandy Crocker, M. Strause, Henry Berryman, B. B. Norton, L. G. Flint, Peleg Brown, Lou Alexander, John Alexander, C. C. Derby, George Smith, Joe Frey, Walter Ede, and a host of others.

The Jarrett and Palmer special theatrical train that passed through Reno in June, 1876, made the entire distance of three thousand, three hundred and eleven miles between Jersey City and Oakland in eighty-three hours and forty-five minutes, the average rate of speed for the entire distance being nearly forty miles an hour. The rate of speed as it passed through Reno was estimated at more than sixty miles per hour.

Under the heading of birth notices was the following: "September 8, 1890, to the wife of George E. Peckham, a son," (William).

The silver question was booming in Nevada in the early '90s, and Washoe County was a hot bed for developing writers on the money question. Among the able writers on that subject, or other matters connected with it, were Dr. Hogan, H. H. Beck, B. F. Leete, R. L. Fulton, the present writer and many others. A great silver state convention was held at Reno on June 24, 1892. The Reno delegates selected were B. F. Bobo, H. Bergenstein, Benjamin Curler, C. E. Clough, J. P. Foulks, T. V. Julian, R. C. Leeper, G. W. Mapes, F. A. Barnes, George E. Peckham, T. A. Reed, Alvaro Evans, William Webster, D. W. Bryant, E. Schmidt, J. E. Bray, R. D. Clark, Felix Delonchant, George Alt, Dan Huffaker, F. M. Lee, C. A. Norcross, W. A. Phillips, C. C. Powning, H. H. Beck, Richard Ryland, John Bowman and A. D. Griffin.

The convention was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in Nevada. Sam Davis was called on and made a very witty, characteristic speech. Loud calls were then made for G. W. Cassidy. He responded with a very effective and eloquent speech and was frequently cheered. It was one of his best efforts. After making his speech in the convention he was taken suddenly ill and left the convention hall for the hotel. He complained of a pain in his chest. He passed away soon after getting into bed. Most of the Eureka delegation were present when the end came. The convention selected twelve delegates to go to the People's Party national convention, to be held at Omaha on July 4, 1892, and nominated three presidential electors to vote for the nominee of the Omaha convention if it favored the remonetization of silver, which it did.

Gen. Weaver was the nominee for President and spoke in Reno on the night of August 3 and the early morning of August 4, 1892. The train bringing Weaver and Mrs. Lease did not arrive at Reno until 11:30 on the night of August 3, but the crowd waited and were entertained until its arrival with speeches made by Bonnifield, Stewart, Newlands, Bowler, and Powning. It was nearly midnight when Weaver began his speech. He was quite hoarse, as he had already made seven speeches that day. He spoke about forty minutes. Mrs. Lease was in fine voice and made a speech that held her audience spellbound from start to finish and her

audience would gladly have stayed at that open air meeting until daylight if she would have continued her speech that long. At the close of her remarks C. C. Powning proposed three times three cheers for the "Kansas Cyclone" which were given with a will.

A lot of us wanted to hear Weaver when he was in good voice, so we went to Virginia City to hear him speak on the night of August 4. Weaver made a fine speech. Then Mrs. Lease was introduced to the throng as one of the greatest orators living, but many in the audience seemed prejudiced against her and an elderly man sitting next to me got up to go out. I told him to wait and listen a few minutes and he would stay until she finished, which he did. He told me, after she finished her speech, that he was converted and would like to vote for that woman for president of the United States.

The election was held on November 8, 1892, and Weaver carried Nevada by a plurality of more than four thousand four hundred votes and had a majority of three thousand six hundred and twelve votes for president over the combined vote of the Democrats, Republicans and Prohibitionists.

POLITICS IN THE EARLY '90s; CLEVELAND AND SILVER

There were many interesting and exciting incidents happening in Nevada during the political campaigns of the early '90s. Francis G. Newlands, a former Democrat of California, had come to Nevada where the bracing atmosphere and high altitude caused him to see a great light and he became a Republican. He afterwards qualified it by stating, to use his own language, "I am not a Republican of Massachusetts, or a Republican of New York, but a Republican of the state of Nevada."

Mr. Newlands was absent minded at times and shortly after he became a Republican, it was reported that he went out to Eureka and after taking several drinks of Eureka balm he made one of his old time Democratic speeches. After he left Eureka and the effect of the Eureka "water" had lost its power, he began to realize that he had made a mistake and a few politicians referred to the incident in a way that might embarrass him. But Newlands was not a bashful man and during the campaign of 1892, after he had received the nomination for congress from the Republican courthouse convention, and from the Silver party convention, in a speech at the McKissick opera house at Reno he referred to the incident and said, in substance,

"I have been accused of being a Republican when sober and a Democrat when drunk, but whether drunk or sober, I am for silver all the time." This was greeted with generous applause.

There were a number of Silver party meetings held in the courthouse at Reno early in the campaign of 1892 and at first a number of the federal brigade of the two old parties would attend these meetings and would sometimes create a disturbance. On one occasion two very prominent attorneys got into a heated discussion, then their gestures became very forceful and before I realized what had happened there was only one attorney left standing. I was seated in about the fourth row of seats back from the floor or low platform where the discussion was taking place and had to stand up to see what had become of the other attorney. He was lying flat on the floor. It happened so quickly as to deceive the eye but it had the desired effect, and as the attorney who was lying on the floor was a Cleveland Democrat, it served as a warning to the two old parties and there was no more trouble of that kind afterwards.

There was a split in the Republican state convention held at Reno about September 1, 1892. Newlands was nominated for congress by the convention held in the courthouse. The other convention opened in the old Masonic hall and closed in Armory hall on the corner of Second and Virginia streets. The Armory hall proceedings were very stormy and

the most difficult work was done at the night session. There was much loud talk and yelling, and after Woodburn was nominated for congress, some of the delegates hugged each other, yelled themselves hoarse and became so intoxicated with joy that a few of them danced a lively jig. That was the way it looked to me as I was standing in the back part of the hall. But perhaps R. L. Fulton and Louis Cohen, who were present and who were much nearer the storm center than I was, may have seen it from a more perfect angle than I did and could describe the antics of some of the delegates more fully.

Cleveland was elected president in 1892 and proved a great enemy to silver. He called congress together in extra session in August, 1893, to repeal the law requiring the purchase of four million five hundred thousand ounces of silver bullion per month at the market price. He ignored this law by purchasing much less than that amount prior to the repeal of the law, and the gold bugs started a panic in 1893 which they claimed was caused by silver. But the panic soon got beyond their control; some six hundred and forty banks closed their doors and in order to prevent a general financial crash the big banking institutions in the eastern cities went on a clearing house basis, which was in violation of banking laws. In August, 1893, the New York banks were nineteen million dollars below the lawful limit in their reserves and at the same time had issued some

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San Jose, Calif.

thirty million dollars worth of clearing house certificates. In the South some of the clearing house certificates were as low in denomination as twenty-five cents.

The Coxey armies of the unemployed were headed for Washington from all directions. One detachment was halted at Reno when Sheriff Caughlins and District Attorney Curler got on top of the box cars where these travelers were located and caused them to get off. They remained in Reno for a few days and were well fed while they stayed here. "Doc" Hogan and other public spirited people of Washoe County donated plenty of food, the money value of which was very low at that time.

Cleveland succeeded in forcing the repeal of the law requiring the purchase of silver bullion, but times kept getting worse. Then his semi free trade law wrecked business still more, and about one-half of the railroad mileage in the United States was in the hands of receivers because the companies defaulted interest on their bonds. Cleveland also had to issue two hundred and sixty-two millions of dollars in bonds to build up the gold reserve and to run the government. The bond holders made their own terms to the government and on one issue of bonds the terms were so tough that the secretary of the treasury had to apologize and explain to the people, in substance, that the banking interests had the government completely at their mercy and the terms were the best the government could get.

In 1894, a very embarrassing thing happened to me. The People's party of Nevada held a mass convention at the McKissick opera house in Reno and I was nominated for governor. J. C. Doughty was nominated for congress, C. H. Steele for state controller, G. W. Dugan for state treasurer, G. S. Sawyer for attorney general, N. P. Dooley for state printer, A. E. Kaye for superintendent of public instruction, William Webster for long term regent, and Benjamin Curler (senior) for district judge of the Second district. There were four candidates for governor at the election in 1894: A. C. Cleveland, George E. Peckham, J. E. Jones and Theodore Winters. Jones was elected. Of those four candidates for governor in 1894 I am the only one now living.

It was a very interesting campaign. Mr. Winters and I did not make any effort to be elected. I kept out of sight as much as possible. I received a number of letters requesting donations for the unfortunates, and one day as I came out of the back door of the Leadbetter store, which opened near the alley, I passed by a group of gentlemen who were telling their experience of the night before. One of them said he had worked every candidate in town the night before for from ten cents to one dollar and fifty cents each. Another one thought he would have enough saved up by election time to keep him through

the winter. Although the conversation of the group was quite interesting, I did not linger long enough to hear any more.

Mr. Winters and I received about the same number of votes each and as only one of the four could be elected, we pursued the proper course and made it a little easier for the one who was fore-ordained to win.

HERO OF GREAT DEBATE; THE SILVER CAMPAIGN OF 1896

While we are referring to the alleged high crimes and misdemeanors of the gold bugs during the first thirty-three years after the Civil War, it may be good policy to mix in a few of the early incidents of the Athenian Literary Society of Huffakers.

A. N. Lowe was the school master of the Huffaker school at the time the literary society was started. He was a young man of much promise but his mustache was of very feeble growth. In those days, which was during the late '70s, nearly all the young men took great pride in growing a sporty mustache. In the first or second issue of the literary newspaper, which published the general news relating to the society members, was a short poem by one of the amateur poets on the above subject. It follows:

"My mustache won't grow,
Cried Abraham Lowe,
Although I've done all I can to make it,
I've tried Ayers hair vigor
And salve made by a digger,
But nothing will fetch it, plague take it.
There's my friend J. C. Haynes,
Who doesn't take any pains;
He's got a mustache that's a stunner,
while mine ain't in sight,
Although I shave every night,
And I'm afraid it's going to be a gonner."

Great preparation was made for the first debate that was staged by this society. The subject was: "Resolved, that fire causes more destruction and loss than water." There were several debaters on each side. They were allowed two weeks to prepare for the discussion.

One debater, who was on the side that water caused the greatest damage, fitted up one of the stalls in a barn for his rehearsals and had a looking glass and a lantern to enable him to perfect his gestures. When the time came for the debate this member made a very interesting and amusing argument. He had been where there were many big fires, including the big fire at Chicago, and the great fires in the woods of Michigan and Wisconsin, where so many lives were lost, but he said they were nothing when compared to one big storm that he witnessed

when on board a ship in the Gulf of Mexico. The storm with all its fury raged for twenty days and twenty nights, he said. The ship had a large cargo of pick handles and crowbars, also a span of mules. The crowbars and pick handles were thrown overboard first, then as a last resort the span of mules went overboard. That seemed to appease the wrath of the storm king and the ship was saved.

He was quite eloquent and terribly in earnest when he was describing the throwing overboard of the cargo and when he was telling how the mules went overboard, a number of young ladies burst out laughing. After he had finished he turned to where I was sitting and told me he didn't get up there to be laughed at and he came mighty near reprimanding those girls right in the middle of his argument. He was greatly excited, and it took an awful effort on my part to keep from laughing at him. He was so wrought up about the girls laughing that if I had done the same thing, there would have been something doing. I fully realized the situation and was equal to the occasion, but it was such a strain on me that I did not fully recover from the effects of it for several weeks.

There were many debates afterward and I took part in most of them but none of them affected me like the first one did, and it is now one in a long list of pleasant memories of what happened to me a long time ago.

The great railroad strike of 1894 resulted in

suspension of railroad traffic connecting Reno with the outside world from June 28 until July 15, 1894, when several trains arrived in Reno from the east with soldiers on guard. A large crowd of people gathered on Commercial Row, and there was great excitement when a man threw an egg at an engineer and nearly hit a soldier. It was claimed there were several eggs thrown, one of which hit one of the cars. This incident caused an officer and several soldiers to line up on the north side of Commercial Row near the track and one or two shots were fired in the air by soldiers as a warning to the crowd to behave themselves, which they did after that little episode.

Others who were there remember it a little differently. Some say there were no shots fired, others that there were only two eggs thrown, while another who saw the car that was soiled declares it was a rotten apple and not an egg that hit the car. As there were several hundred people there laboring under more or less excitement, this probably accounts for the many variations in the story of what happened at the time.

While the strike was on and during the suspension of traffic, supplies of many articles were getting low in Reno and the people were about to resume the old style teaming and fast freighting over the mountains. The strike helped the farmers to find a market for large quantities of old potatoes which were unsalable before the strike because the people of the towns of Nevada preferred to buy the high priced

new potatoes from California, but the strike taught them that old Nevada spuds were O. K. even in July.

State Senator M. D. Foley was shot by Mrs. Hartley in Reno on July 26, 1894. He remained conscious about ten minutes and expired about thirty-five minutes after he was shot.

The campaign of 1896 was a hot one in Nevada. The Republican national convention came out squarely against silver except by international agreement, "and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved." The Democratic national platform came out squarely for the remonetization of silver without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation.

When the Republican convention declared for the gold standard a number of delegates left the convention, including three of the Nevada delegates. McKinley became the Republican nominee for president and Bryan was the nominee of the Democrats. At the election held on November 3, 1896, Bryan received more than eighty per cent of the vote of Nevada but was defeated in the United States. The threat to withdraw credit and call in loans in the event of Bryan's election and the promise of extension of credit in the event of McKinley's election is what coerced enough debtors to elect McKinley.

Tom Reed of Maine made a number of speeches in California during the campaign of 1896 and told the voters in substance that they did not need free

silver, that there was plenty of money without silver, but the people who had the money were timid and opposed to silver. If the people would adopt the gold standard, he said, confidence would be restored; then the people could borrow this hoarded money and get it into circulation again and times would improve.

The people adopted the so-called gold standard and went to borrowing with a vim, but subsequent events have shown the so-called gold standard to be a huge joke. These so-called timid gold bugs have been writing the gold clause into contracts until these promises to pay gold total more than forty times the amount of gold available for monetary use on this planet,, which is not sufficient to pay six months' interest on outstanding obligations if gold payments were demanded.

Uncle Sam is in a far better condition now to lead the world in finance than Great Britain was prior to the recent war. Conditions at the present time would warrant Uncle Sam in remonetizing silver at the old ratio with gold and then double the mint price and legal value of both metals. This would fix the mint price of gold around $41.34 per ounce and that of silver at $2.58 per ounce.

An act of that kind would do this country and the world at large ten times as much good as any League of Nations to make the world safe for democracy that could be devised and would be workable.

FAMOUS WEATHER FORECAST; SOME NOTED PIONEERS

During the '90s I wrote many articles on finance and other matters and would occasionally write a forecast of weather for the winter. I wrote a brief forecast for the winter of 1897-98 and was talking with Rufus Kinney on Virginia street early in the afternoon of November 13, 1897, when Allen Bragg, then the editor of the Gazette, joined us and I handed him my forecast for the winter. He read it, smiled and said, "That goes in this afternoon," and took it up into the Gazette office.

It appeared on the first page of the Gazette of November 13, 1897, with an additional paragraph which he had written. There were two paragraphs in the forecast besides the head lines, all of which had been written by me. The third paragraph was written by Allen Bragg. The whole of it follows:

LOOK OUT FOR A DROUTH

Peckham Prognosticates a Dry Winter

Farmer Peckham has been scrutinizing the weather map very closely and has come to the conclusion that the winter of 1897-98 will be a very dry one on the Pacific coast south of Oregon.

If this prediction is verified the demand for baled

hay for shipment to California will be largely increased and the supply on the Truckee Meadows will be exhausted before the 1st of May, 1898.

Farmer Peckham is the predictor of the nineteenth century. He 'predicts' and 'predicts' but he seldom of late monkeys with the weather for he is too busy studying finances and sich to think of anything so common place as the weather. But it occurred to him this morning that he had managed his home so well that the British bondholder had no mortgage on either his family, himself or his farm, and no bondholder or gold bug was neat enough to entice him into their net, so George feels at liberty to take a long distance shot at the weather."

I felt very kindly towards Allen for giving my forecast such prominence, and his friendly comment was duly appreciated by me. But my prediction was verified. It was a disastrous drouth in California, and the available supply of hay of this state was sent to California and most of the California live stock was shipped out of the state, the stock being unloaded from the trains at Reno for feed and water while in transit. Bob Parry, who had the feed yards and corrals at Reno, had teams out gathering up all the odds and ends of hay he could find, including old stack bottoms and the cleanups around the barn haymows, and the supply on the Meadows became exhausted as predicted.

Another little incident that may be of interest

happened in 1887. A new school district was organized that year south of Reno. It was called the Anderson district. There were a number of families with young children in the district, but there had been much opposition to it by some of the county officials. We succeeded in getting the district in time to build the school house and had an old-fashioned jollification gathering at the school house after its completion.

We had a very enthusiastic program and the last thing on the literary program was a paper read by me and the last thing in the paper was an account of a very startling dream. During the reading of this dream I was obliged to stop reading a number of times to allow the listeners to give vent to their feelings.

When I had finished reading the dream, an elderly man, who was first to regain his equilibrium, declared that dream must be published in the Gazette as it was the best and most wonderful dream he had ever heard of. I objected to its publication but the whole audience was against me and the dream appeared in the Gazette a few days later. Two Washoe County officials of that time were the heroes in that dream and were inclined to be a little bashful, which probably accounts for the fact that the issue containing the dream is missing from the old files of the Gazette at the court house.

We had some very freakish weather in April and May, 1896. On the 15th and 21st of April, 1896,

the minimum temperature at Reno was fourteen degrees, while on many parts of the Truckee Meadows the minimum was as low as six or eight degrees. On May 10, 1896, the minimum was sixteen degrees at Reno with several degrees lower on the Meadows.

On May 29, 1896, Reno and the greater part of the Truckee Meadows had the greatest hailstorm ever experienced here since Reno has been on the map. The hailstones that fell in Reno were three-fourths of an inch and upwards in diameter, while two to four miles south of Reno many of the hailstones were two inches and upwards in diameter. Thousands of birds and chickens were killed, and in a large part of the valley the fruit crop was ruined for two seasons, as all the foliage and small twigs were stripped from the trees. It was a general storm but was mostly rain and cloudbursts in the mountains. The Truckee river rose more than two feet in less than one hour at Reno.

February and March, 1897, were also record breakers for cold weather for those months since the weather bureau has kept a record at Reno. On February 22, the minimum at Reno was twelve degrees below zero and on March 29, 1897, the minimum temperature at Reno was three below zero. That was the year that much of the ice crop was harvested in March, some of the ice companies finishing harvesting the ice crop on Saint Patrick's day, which was also the day of the big prizefight at Carson City between Fitzsimmons and Corbett. Provi-

dence seemed to smile on the fight that day as it was the best weather we had during the month.

To get the weather bureau record for minimum temperature for June we have to go back to June 10, 1892, when the minimum was twenty-eight degrees at Reno and several degrees lower on most of the Truckee Meadows. There was much lower June temperature during the '60s and '70s but there is no official record of it. During a clear night when there is no wind to mix the air the temperature on the lowlands of the Truckee Meadows is six to ten or twelve degrees lower than in Reno.

It was rather a singular coincidence that three of the early pioneers of Churchill County should come to Reno to spend their declining years and pass over the Divide to their reward during the past eighteen or twenty months.

Lem Allen, as he was known through life, was the youngest of the three and only lacked a few months of being eighty years of age when he passed from this life on October 24, 1918. He came to Churchill County in 1862 and engaged in farming and stock raising. He studied law, was admitted to the bar and was elected district attorney for Churchill County two or three times during the '70s. He was elected to the legislature from Churchill County many times. He was elected to the assembly six consecutive times and was speaker of the assembly during the sessions of 1895, 1897 and 1899. He was also a member of the session of 1901, at the time I was

a member. Lem Allen was elected lieutenant-governor of Nevada in 1902, and was acting governor during his term whenever Gov. Sparks was absent from the state. One of Lem Allen's official acts while he was acting governor was to declare legal holidays for the banks of the state of Nevada a few days after the big earthquake in California in April, 1906. This was done to protect the banks in this state during those trying times.

Benjamin Curler came to what is now Nevada in 1859, arriving in Carson City in September of that year. He followed the occupation of carpentering for a time and in 1862 kept a stage station on the Carson river. In 1864 he was elected district attorney of Churchill County and in 1866 was elected district judge of the fifth district, including Nye and Churchill Counties and was re-elected to the same office four years later. He afterwards held other positions in Nye County. Coming to Reno to reside about 1890 he took an active part in the politics of Washoe County and the state of Nevada during the Silver and Populist campaigns in the '90s. He passed from this life on August 30, 1919, at the age of eighty-four years and eleven months.

W. J. Brandon, another pioneer of Nevada, was engaged in teaming between Placerville and Genoa in the late '50s before the Comstock was discovered, and assisted in building some of the early day roads in Western Nevada. He located in Churchill County in the early '60s and engaged in farming and

stock raising. Beginning with 1870, he was elected treasurer of Churchill County for four consecutive terms. Mr. Brandon came to Reno to reside in 1890 and like myself and Benjamin Curler took a very lively interest in the cause of silver during the '90s. He was a man of great vitality and lived to the ripe age of ninety-one years, departing from this life on November 14, 1919.

Dan Bryant, another pioneer of the '60s, passed over the Great Divide on the 27th of May, 1920, at the age of ninety years and seven months. He was another old acquaintance of mine and belonged to a group of old timers that used to meet frequently in Reno and talk about the old days when we were many years younger and could do some big stunts.

It seems to me at times as though I am a kind of connecting link between many older generations and those who are left behind. Ever since I was a boy back in Massachusetts in the '50s I have been continually associated with older people who keep passing over to the other side while I continue to remain, and if this program is kept up much longer I may be able to write or tell a whole lot about what happened a long time ago.

CONVENTION TRICKS; A GALENA EXPLOSION; WHEELMEN'S BIG VICTORY

A very embarrassing incident happened at a Democratic county convention held in Reno many years ago. There had been three candidates placed in nomination for district judge. By a singular coincidence all three of their last names began with "K" and two of their names had four letters each. The chairman of the convention, who was one of the leading attorneys of Reno, left the chair long enough to place another attorney in nomination, and after delivering a fine eulogy on this candidate he said he would vote for him until the candidate came to him and told him to stop. Several others of the delegates had promised this candidate their unwavering support.

There were more than forty delegates in the convention and when the ballots were tabulated this candidate got one vote, and a miner who was a delegate declared he was the one that cast that ballot. It created quite a sensation among some of the attorney delegates and a variety of explanations were made some time afterwards about how it happened.

At another convention the chairman previously referred to was placed in nomination for an office and, after another Democrat had been placed in nomina-

tion and the votes counted, it was found that he was defeated by a wide margin. He immediately claimed fraud and attempted to read a long list of the names of delegates who had promised to vote for him, which was a large majority of the delegates in the convention. The convention was soon in an uproar and our hero was declared out of order but he had a good deal to say afterwards about the cunning hypocrisy of many of the delegates.

A little incident happened at Galena some fifty-five years ago when Jack Fraser, A. M. Lamb and myself were much more vigorous than now. I was the only one of the three that belonged to the Sons of Temperance of Galena, which will exonerate me from the charge of having taken part in the following incident and it is probable that A. M. Lamb and Jack Fraser were as innocent as I was.

A man by the name of Hollingsworth came to Galena in 1865 and engaged in business, keeping candy, nuts, pies and cakes for sale. He was a very temperate man and after he had been in business about four days and had not patronized any of the saloons in Galena a citizens' meeting was held in one of the saloons and a resolution was passed that no man would be allowed to remain in business at Galena more than three days unless he patronized the saloons. A collection was taken up to defray the cost of enforcing the resolution and several men offered their services free to furnish the necessary labor to make the resolution have the desired effect. Two

kegs of blasting powder were purchased, and a short time after midnight an excavation was made close to the front end of the building and the powder was placed in this excavation. Then a large mound of dirt and gravel was placed around and over the powder and about two o'clock in the morning there was a big explosion which woke me up. I was living a block or more from where the explosion took place and it seemed some little time after I woke up before gravel began to fall on the roof.

The front end of the building where the explosion took place was badly damaged and many of the candy jars were broken but the proprietor, who was sleeping in the back room, was not injured. He took the hint, went out of business and left Galena the next day. He afterwards went to work at the Eastman sawmill and was there in 1866 when I was working at the same mill. He felt pretty sore about the way he was treated at Galena until I explained to him the quality of the whiskey that was in use at Galena, describing, of course, how the barrels of whiskey were on tap while being hauled by teams from Sacramento over the mountains and how the teamsters afterward filled the barrels with water, and how this weakened whiskey had to be strengthened with powerful and peppery solutions after arriving at Galena and the peculiar effect it had on the people of Galena who had been used to drinking pure whiskey in California. After this showing of extenuating circumstances he said it looked very differ-

ent to him and he would be careful after this not to judge them too harshly.

In 1898, times began to get better in Nevada. Getting rid of the low tariff and free trade law enacted during the Cleveland administration helped some. So did the rapid increase of indebtedness due to the gold standard which put lots of borrowed money into circulation, including the two hundred million dollars we borrowed to prosecute the war with Spain. By the year 1900 Reno and Washoe County had increased enough in population so that for the first time in thirty-six years this county cast a larger vote than was cast in Washoe County in 1864, though the difference in favor of 1900 over 1864 was only forty-four votes.

In July, 1902, Reno had a carnival lasting a few days early in the month and on the 2d and 3d of July we had some weather that broke the record for snow in July since Reno has been on the map. At one time the snow was one or two inches deep over most of the Truckee Meadows. It was so cold at the carnival that the people were shivering and wearing their heavy overcoats; the ice cream parlors were selling hot coffee in place of ice cream and the people were suffering more from the cold air than they did during the winter. It was a "Fourth of July" carnival lasting several days and will not soon be forgotten by those who were thrilled by the patriotic exercises or by those who were chilled by the icy

"zephyrs" of the first few days of that famous carnival.

Perhaps the most enthuiastic celebration ever held at Reno was on the night of July 5, 1900, when the Reno Wheelmen arrived at Reno that evening after winning the Coast championship in a fifty-mile relay bicycle race from the Sacramento bicycle team of ten riders at Sacramento on July 4, 1900. Four carloads of Renoites left Reno for Sacramento on July 3 and fully five thousand people witnessed the race at Sacramento and saw the Reno team win the championship from the Sacramento team. It was a great race from start to finish. The Reno team won by a margin of about one mile. There were ten riders for each team and each rider rode five consecutive miles. The ten Reno riders and the order in which they rode follows:

William Upson, James Peckham, Arthur Keddie, Arthur Peckham, Edward Shaver, James Hart, Claude Mershon, William Everett, Edward Stanley and William Thompson. Ralph Hawcroft, the present fire chief, was captain of the team, King Ryan was the trainer, Harry Scheeline was the mascot. The substitutes for the Reno team in case they were needed were Barney Fraser, George Kornmeyer and Benton Sparks.

The best time made for five miles was twelve minutes and twenty seconds by Arthur Keddie and the second best was twelve minutes and twenty-four seconds by Arthur Peckham. After the race bedlam

broke loose and the Reno Wheelmen were given the freedom of Sacramento. The policemen told the boys the city was theirs but advised them not to break any windows. That night the celebration was terrific and the fireworks were immense. King Ryan, the trainer of the Reno Wheelmen, lost two or three fingers by picking up a giant firecracker that had failed to explode before he picked it up, but did soon afterward.

An undertaker from Reno, who had made a good investment as the result of the race, hired a number of hacks and gave the boys a ride around the city. As they had the right of way in Sacramento that night, the undertaker, who was paying for the use of the hacks, saw that the speed was so regulated as to bear no resemblance to a funeral procession.

The boys left Sacramento for Reno on July 5, and were enthusiastically serenaded and cheered as they passed through Verdi and when they arrived at Reno that night the ovation and reception was tremendous. The business houses had all been decorated with the Wheelmen colors. Many of the decorations were ornamented with "Welcome Champions." The Ferguson band was there to discourse music and there were many maidens in white with red sashes. According to a local paper there were thousands there. The boys were loaded into a bus and were hauled by man power with the aid of a rope which made room for a large number of men to assist in hauling the winners to Wheelmen's hall, which

was located at that time on the corner of Second and Virginia streets upstairs.

Here a grand reception was held. The boys were seated on the platform. John Edwards Bray was master of ceremonies and addresses were made by Frank Norcross, J. Madison Gray and others. The boys were called upon and gave a fine description of how it happened.

NOTABLES OF LONG AGO; HONEY-MOON AVENUE

That Huffaker schoolma'am, who so successfully helped the organ fund by her charming personality, was also a great aid in church work at Reno during the time she was teaching the Huffaker school some forty years ago. Her father had been a prominent minister in California and her early training and habits were along religious lines.

An elderly farmer living in the Huffaker district, who belonged to the same denomination as the school teacher, was not a very regular attendant at church until after her arrival. His wife had been wanting to take a trip to California and make her relatives a visit and the arrival of the lady teacher enabled the old farmer's wife to make the trip sooner than she had expected. She left Reno for her destination in California on Saturday morning and on Sunday morning this elderly farmer called at the Norcross

residence, where the school teacher boarded, to take her to church. He had a nice one horse rig with a rather narrow seat and the entire space on this seat was occupied while they were on the road to church. The other members of the congregation noticed a great change in the farmer after he began bringing the teacher to church, for he was on hand every Sunday and also brought the schoolma'am to prayer meeting service. He had been irregular in attendance until he began looking after the spiritual welfare of this very attractive schoolma'am.

John B. Williams was one of the old timers who located in Reno in 1868. Prior to the building of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad from Reno to Carson he was an agent for the forwarding of freight by teams from Reno to Virginia City and other towns. He was also manager and part owner in a fast freight line of teams. In 1874 he was elected recorder of Washoe County and was re-elected and held the office for ten consecutive terms, for he was an able and very accommodating official and was immensely popular with the people. Like a great majority of the pioneers of the '60s, he passed over the Divide to his reward many years ago.

Christopher Columbus Powning came to Nevada in 1868 and located permanently at Reno in 1870, filling the position of "devil" on the Nevada State Journal, which paper was started at that time. In 1872, before he was twenty-one years of age, he became editor and in 1874 became sole proprietor of

the paper. He was elected state senator from Washoe County in 1878, and in the early '80s was a candidate for congress but was defeated by G. W. Cassidy. He was one of the most energetic men that ever located in Reno, filling many responsible positions, and passed from this life many years ago, while he was yet a comparatively young man.

John F. Alexander was another pioneer of Nevada, having been a resident of what is now Western Nevada since 1859. He was born in 1853 and attended the Glendale school for a short time in 1866, where I first became acquainted with him. He was an exceedingly bright scholar and was afterwards sent to a university in California, where he graduated with high honors. He became associated with Mr. Haydner and started the Reno Gazette in March, 1876, being only twenty-three years of age at that time. He was afterwards elected district attorney and in 1886 was elected attorney-general of the state. He also passed over the Great Divide many years ago.

The Gridley sanitary sack of flour left Austin early in May, 1864, starting on its tour of the United States to raise money for the Sanitary Fund. Gridley had lost a wager on the result of the city election at Austin in April, 1864. A Republican mayor was elected and by the terms of the bet Gridley, who supported the Democratic candidate, David E. Buel, had to donate and carry the sack of flour about one mile at the head of a procession led by

the Austin brass band, Gridley and the procession marching to the tune of "Old John Brown."

When the terms of the bet had been complied with, Gridley proposed as a Union man to sell the flour, and the sack of flour was decorated with flags and sold and resold many times at Austin for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund, the total amount being four thousand, five hundred and forty-nine dollars in coin. Gridley accompanied the sack of flour on its tour, arriving in Virginia City May 15, 1864, and during the next few days realized about twenty-five thousand dollars more. I was at the sale at Galena, which took place in the school house, and a good sum was realized. The flour would always be donated back after being sold. Before being taken East, a tour of California was made where it was said about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars was realized and a large sum was also realized in the East. The Gridley sack of flour made both Austin and Gridley quite famous. Austin was a very lively town and polled one thousand four hundred and twenty-eight votes at the election in April, 1864, when Gridley lost his bet on the result.

The famous Gridley sack of flour which made a tour of Nevada, California and many of the Northern states during 1864 and brought about three hundred thousand dollars into the Sanitary Fund is now the property of the Nevada Historical Society on Center street near the University grounds. I saw it there a few days ago for the first time since I saw

it at the Galena schoolhouse some fifty-six years ago, where it was being sold and re-sold many times for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund.

It is not generally known that the lane leading from the Virginia road to Moana Springs and to the Frey and Berrum farms and to the two ranches south of Moana, was originally called "Honeymoon Avenue," which at that time was a very appropriate name, for a number of reasons. The ranches tributary to and on that lane were first located by bachelors, who were genuine pioneers. Some of them were the original locators and part owners of the Last Chance ditch and also had to fence and clean their farms of sagebrush and rock and were very successful in their work.

Among those bachelors of that time were Enoch Morrill, who was then owner of the present Frey ranch; W. P. Nay, who was the owner of the present Berrum farm; Bob Watson, who sold his farm to William Haynes, another bachelor of that period. (Part of this farm is now called Moana Springs.) A bachelor named McConnaughey bought one of the farms south of where Moana Springs is now located. I was a bachelor prior to the 10th day of February, 1876, but lived on another road near the Moana lane. George Deremer was also another bachelor of that period, who lived on the Virginia road in the same neighborhood. We were all great chums and when I set the pace by being the first one to get married they gave me a fine serenade and

then they began to spruce up and look around so as to follow my example. It was only a comparatively short time before these bachelors were all married and the Moana lane was adorned with a large sign, labelled "Honeymoon Avenue." The sign was located on the south side of the lane near the Virginia road. It was known by that name for a long time, but the present generation seem to have forgotten all about it.

The near approach of another election recalls to my mind many of the stunts pulled off by candidates in the long ago. During the '70s, when candidates were making bids for the granger vote, they would make many promises and the party platforms were also favorable to the grangers. One candidate, who was very anxious to go to congress, gave vent to his feelings in the following poem, as I remember it:

"I want to go to congress,
And with the grangers stand,
A horny-fisted farmer
With a hay stack in my hand.
I've bought myself a Durham ram,
A gray Alpaca cow,
A lock stitch Osage orange hedge,
And a patent leather plow.
My boots shall be of cowhide,
My pants of corduroy,
And if I were but young again,
I'd be a farmer's boy.

"To every hardy granger's hearth,
Much greenbacks I would bring
And this old tune I'll practice
So long as I can sing:
I want to go to congress,
And with the grangers stand,
A horny-fisted farmer,
With a hay stack in my hand."

SOME WET WEATHER FACTS; COL. MAXSON'S MISHAP

There are many people in Reno and vicinity who think that the past few years have broken the record for consecutive dry seasons, but they are mistaken. The weather bureau has the record for precipitation at Reno since 1888 and the total precipitation at Reno for the three years of 1893, 1894 and 1895 was eighteen and two hundredths inches. In 1918 and 1919 the total precipitation at Reno was eighteen and forty-nine hundredths inches, or nearly one-half inch more precipitation at Reno for the two years of 1918 and 1919 than we had for the three years of 1893, 1894 and 1895.

The six year period from 1893 until 1899 had also much less precipitation at Reno than the last six years before the present date, and the ten-year period for Reno, beginning with 1893, had ten inches

less precipitation than the last ten-year period to date had, all of which goes to show that a margin of four and one-half feet on Tahoe between high and low water, or even a margin of six feet, as the government experts think about right according to their data, is entirely inadequate to take care of the surplus water from the watershed of Tahoe during the flood years or furnish enough water during the dry periods.

Nature itself, during the past sixty years, has made a margin on Tahoe of at least twelve or fifteen feet, and if the people now living around Tahoe who think July, 1907, broke the record for high water at Tahoe, when the lake was more than five feet higher than now, could interview some of the old teamsters or stage drivers who were stranded near Lake Bigler (as Lake Tahoe was called at the time of the big flood during January, 1862), they would be convinced that Tahoe was several feet higher in 1862 than it was in 1907.

In 1862 no record of precipitation was kept in Eastern California or Western Nevada, but about 1863 they began keeping a record at Nevada City in Nevada County, California, and for the season of 1867-68 the precipitation was one hundred and fifteen inches, which has never been equaled in that town since that time, and the precipitation that season was far below what it was for the season of 1861-62.

I was living in San Francisco during the big flood

of 1861-62, and for that season the precipitation for San Francisco was forty-nine and twenty-seven hundredths inches. Of this total twenty-four and thirty-six hundredths inches fell during the month of January, 1862, and from my observation of that winter in California and from what an old stage driver told me and others when we were traveling by the lake in 1864, Tahoe must have been at least five feet higher in 1862 than it was in 1907.

San Francisco and Sacramento are the only weather stations in California where the precipitation record has been kept since 1849, and to show that the high water mark on Tahoe of July, 1907, has been greatly exceeded during the '60s, as well as at other times, we will compare a few wet seasons of those places with 1907.

The precipitation at San Francisco for the season of 1861-62 was forty-nine and twenty-seven hundredths inches, for 1867-68 it was thirty-eight and eighty-four hundredths inches, for 1906-07, it was twenty-six and seventeen hundredths inches. At Sacramento the precipitation for 1861-62 was thirty-six and ten hundredths, for 1867-68 it was thirty-two and seventy-nine hundredths, while for 1906-07 it was twenty-four and four hundredths inches. For Nevada City the precipitation for 1867-68 was one hundred fifteen and twenty-six hundredths inches, while for 1906-07 it was seventy and ninety-eight hundredths inches. When we consider that the seasonal precipi-

tation on the watershed of Tahoe is generally from two to three times as great as it is at San Francisco or Sacramento, it indicates what a tremendous amount of water could be stored at Tahoe during an old-fashioned wet season.

The recent arrival of experts who are not familiar with the peculiar antics of the weather on Tahoe prior to 1890 is not wholly to blame for the idea that the capacity of Tahoe can be kept within a margin of six feet and take care of the surplus during wet periods and furnish the needed supply during the dry periods. The physical condition of the lake in 1890, 1904, 1907 and other years, disproves their theory by a wide margin. If these experts happen to be here when we have a genuine wet season, such as we had during the '60s, '70s, '80s, or should experience even a repetition of 1890, or a medium wet season like 1904 or 1907, they will probably correct their mistake.

There are a few owners of resorts or lands around the lake, as well as some state officials of California, who strenuously object to the government utilizing Tahoe for a reservoir for irrigation, except within a margin of four and one-half feet between low and high water, claiming it would mar the scenic beauty of the lake to give it a greater range. As nature has made a range of about three times that amount, that contention should have very little weight with the government.

One of the most exciting fifty-mile relay bicycle

races ever witnessed in Nevada was the one between the Bay City Wheelmen of San Francisco and the Reno team, at Reno, on September 7, 1902. There were more than two thousand people at the track to witness the race. Neither team seemed able to open a gap, and as the Bay City team had a great sprinter for the finish, whose last name was DeMara, and who had the reputation of being about the best one in California, things looked rather bad for the Reno team. George Kornmeyer rode the last five miles for the Reno team and at the finish the two riders came down the stretch with the speed of a tornado, wheel to wheel, but just before they crossed the tape Kornmeyer shot about six feet ahead of De Mara, the pride of the California wheelmen. Kornmeyer had risen to the occasion and was the hero of the hour. He was carried on the shoulders of friends off the quarter stretch to the rubbing room and received unlimited compliments, while his opponent, De Mara, with the big reputation, was so dazed he could not explain how it happened. The big crowd at the track became intoxicated with enthusiasm and yelled themselves hoarse. But it was a bitter disappointment to the Bay City Wheelmen, who received much sympathy from the victors.

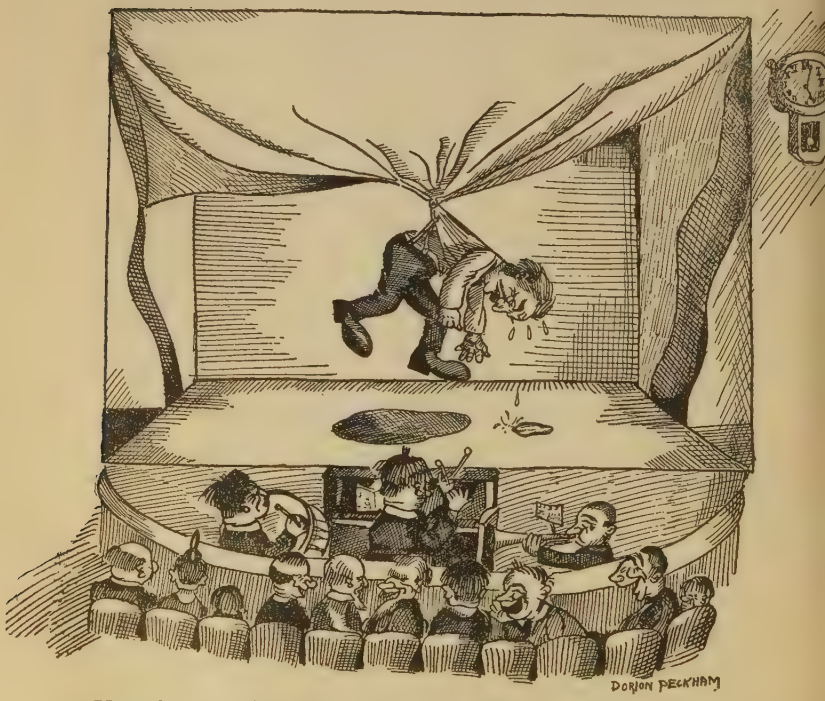
It is not generally known among recent arrivals in Reno that Col. H. B. Maxson, during his youth, was a very bashful boy and when he first began to go out in society in Reno in the early '70s he had many very embarrassing experiences which nearly caused

him to flee from the social whirl, and for a long time he was undecided whether he would become a miner or a civil engineer. Either one of these professions would keep him out of town most of the time, where his personal appearance would not be continually subject to criticism.

A group of the younger social set of Reno in the early days were getting up an amateur play to take place at the McGinley theatre on Virginia street, and the colonel—whom we will designate as "our hero"—was prevailed upon to take a part that required him to appear very awkward. The other members thought he was adapted for the place he was to fill, which was the "butler" in the play called "The American Cousin." He went through the rehearsals with great credit, but when the night for the performance came he peeked from behind the curtain, and when he saw the big crowd and sea of faces turned towards the curtain he became struck with stage fright. Just at that time the signal was given to raise the curtain. In some unexplainable manner he got tangled up with it in such a way that he went up with the curtain and was suspended in the air, his feet and hands hanging down, trying to reach the floor.

It was some time before the curtain was rung down and our hero released from his embarrassing position, but the audience believed it was a part of the program of the show and the strenuous contortions of our hero as he was suspended in the air were claimed

by the critics to be the best part of the show and well worth the price of admission. What made the situation still more embarrassing for the Colonel, he was in constant fear his suspenders would break or the buttons come off.



The Colonel, although struck with stage fright, was the center of attraction

SOME OLD-TIME RENOITES; VIEWS ON FINANCE

Among the old Nevada boys who are deserving of something more than honorable mention is Peter Dalton, who first came to Nevada in 1866 and located permanently here in 1868. He purchased a farm in the Huffaker district about 1870. Prior to 1892 he was one of the leading Democrats of that district and was a very able debater from a Democratic standpoint and had many friendly discussions during the '70s and '80s with his neighbors on those old-time issues.

W. J. Luke came to the Truckee Meadows or Steamboat Valley in 1871, was here during the big flood of December, 1871, and has a fine memory of many incidents of that flood. He has been very active in public affairs; was a member of the city council of Reno a number of years ago and has been a member of the state legislature from Washoe County. He is still hale and hearty and resides in Reno.

James Gault, another pioneer of the Truckee Meadows, located here in 1870, became a prosperous farmer and was one of the managers of the Orr ditch for a number of years. He took great interest in public affairs and was a state senator from Washoe County to the Nevada legislature for a term of four years. Like the rest of us old boys he was

here in time to derive much benefit from the old time Washoe zephyrs, which acted as a long-continued tonic on those who were here during the '60s or '70s, some of whom lived to the ripe old age of from eighty-five to one hundred and twenty-two years before passing over the Divide to their reward.

William Fraser came to Washoe County in 1872 and was engaged in baling hay and other work before he became a farmer. It took a man with great physical strength and endurance to stand the work on one of those old-fashioned Petaluma hay presses, working twelve to sixteen hours daily, often including Sundays. These long hours did not always include the time of moving the hay press from one ranch to another, which was often done during the night.

As I have often discussed the money question through the newspapers and otherwise, including joint debate on that subject at the Athenian Literary Society of Huffakers during the late '70s and early '80s, and having debated it from its numerous angles, a brief summary of it from my viewpoint may be of interest.

The panic of 1857 was the first thing that attracted my attention to finance. I heard it very generally discussed at that time and for many years afterwards and from the best information I could get it was caused by the money lenders of England selling some of their American securities in New York and the withdrawal of the specie from the banks to pay for these securities.

At that time the mines of California were producing around fifty million dollars per annum in gold but our trade and financial dealings with Europe were such that they seemed to have a bigger hold on this gold than we did and about the only way we could remain in business at the old stand was by increasing our financial obligations to Europe which was mostly to England.

During the Civil War we had to suspend specie payment and go onto a greenback basis. England to a great extent was financing the South during the rebellion and if the South had been victorious her debt to English and other European bond holders would have been big enough to take the cotton crop to pay the interest after leaving the grower enough to feed his slaves and keep them in good working condition.

But the South lost out and the large amount of Confederate bonds became worthless. But the European bond holders were also investing heavily in Northern securities on a greenback basis when greenbacks were worth from forty to sixty cents on the dollar compared with gold. They were financing our railroads and other enterprises on the same greenback basis and when they were well loaded up with these gilt-edged securities, they took great interest in our financial legislation and helped to maintain our "national honor" by assisting us to get onto a gold basis.

Our silver was demonetized in 1873 in such a cute way that we did not find it out until a few years later and prices were tumbling so rapidly and the purchasing power and value of money and gilt-edge securities had increased so fast that these cunning financiers made several times as much as they lost in Confederate bonds and other bad investments in this country.

The panic of 1873 was the worst we have had since the Civil War when we consider the resources of the country; but the one of 1857 was worse than that of 1873. The panic of 1893, which the gold bugs started to get rid of some silver legislation that was started in 1878 and increased in 1890, got beyond their control, resulting in some six hundred and forty banks closing their doors. The big banks in the eastern cities went on a clearing house basis and prevented a complete financial smash in the country.

The so-called panic of 1907 was no panic when compared with the others. Very few banks failed, for practically all the banks went on a clearing house basis before much damage was done and prices and values held up nearly to the pre-panic level. Prior to the recent war, many college professors and others thought there could be no more big wars on account of the supposed big war debts of Europe, which at that time amounted to about twenty-six billions of dollars.

David Starr Jordan was one who took that view but subsequent events proved that he was mistaken

and national debts that now total more than two hundred billions do not alarm the professors as much as did those of about forty-three billions prior to the recent war.

The solvency of the world seems to be based on prices being maintained at a level high enough to enable the producers to do business at a profit big enough to meet their obligations and take in their share of picture shows as well as have their share of automobiles and joy riding. This being the case, Uncle Sam should lead the procession in price fixing and should remonetize silver at the old ratio with gold and then double the mint and legal value of both metals and have a specie basis large enough to preserve equilibrium between specie and paper currency and at the same time allow the gold and silver miners to get a square deal in the general rise and readjustment of values.

Perhaps the nearest approach to the June rainfall of Reno in 1920 was that of June, 1884, when a general rainstorm occurred in both California and Nevada. There was no record kept at Reno that year but at other stations in Nevada it showed a greater rainfall in June, 1884, that of Winnemucca being considerably more in June, 1884, than the recent storm, with most of the stations in California reporting from one inch to four inches of precipitation in June of that year.

The rain of June 29, 1920, was unusually heavy

a few miles south of Reno. The water in the creeks south of Reno when compared with the amount flowing in the river at Reno that day would indicate that the rainfall was much heavier south and southwest of Reno than it was in the Sierra Nevada mountains to the west of Reno.

It seems that during recent years the storms in both California and Nevada have become more local in character than formerly. The old time Washoe zephyrs that would blow a gale for two or three days continuously, seem to be a thing of the past, and the old time December or January floods, which in the early days occurred every few years, are now very far between and there has not been a December flood on the Truckee since 1871 that will compare with the one of that December, and even this was not nearly as big as the flood of December, 1867.

Between 1849 and 1891 there have been eleven seasons at San Francisco where the precipitation exceeded thirty inches, two of which exceeded forty-five. Since 1891 there was not even one season when the precipitation for San Francisco has been as much as thirty inches.

But our recent beautiful June rainfall should convince the weather experts that although the old-fashioned seasonal precipitation is slightly overdue, it may arrive at most any time and demonstrate to the timid experts around Tahoe that they know very little about the capacity of Lake Tahoe as a water re-

servoir for irrigation, nor the proper margin on the lake between low and high water.

It is a great help to young, bashful people to read the confessions of older people who had the same trouble when they were young. When I was forty-five years younger than now I began going with a young lady who was nearly as bashful as I was. One night we went to a theatre at Dyers' hall in Reno. That was the first time I ever acted as an escort to a lady in a place of that kind, and I was greatly confused before we reached our seat which was in about the middle row. I was almost overcome with stage fright or something worse for it seemed to me as if we were being watched by the whole audience and many were smiling quite freely.

After we had been seated some little time the lady I was with made the discovery that I was the only man in the theatre who was wearing a hat at that time. This discovery added to my confusion but I managed to take my hat off without letting it fall to the floor, and that was the last theatre we went to until after we were married.

YEARS PASS LIGHTLY; RENO WHEELMEN KEEP CHAMPIONSHIP

The Washoe County Bank is another old timer. Its organization dates back to 1871, when D. A. Bender and C. T. Bender first opened its doors for business. At that time it was located on Commercial Row in Reno. In 1880 it became the First National bank with a paid up capital stock of fifty thousand dollars. The stock holders and directors were D. A. Bender, C. T. Bender, A. H. Manning, G. W. Mapes, Jacob McKissick and John Johnson. In 1896 it was changed to a state bank and given its present name of Washoe County Bank. It was moved to its present location on the southwest corner of Second and Virginia streets many years ago while it was a national bank. The business of the bank grew rapidly and the capital stock which was fifty thousand dollars in 1880 had grown to five hundred thousand dollars in 1902. The building has recently been remodeled and is an ornament to the city and its interior is modern in every respect.

I was well acquainted with nearly all of the old boys who were connected with the bank in the early days during the '70s, '80s and '90s, most of whom have departed from this life. Some of the present members or stockholders of the bank I have known for a long time. G. W. Mapes and George H. Tay-

lor I have probably known the longest, with Fred Stadtmuller a close third. Perhaps what makes Fred Stadtmuller seem like such an old acquaintance is because I was so well acquainted with his father in that husky old town of Galena in 1864-65, but of course that was before Reno or the present Fred Stadtmuller was thought of.

If I keep on writing about the old boys I knew fifty or sixty years ago the present generation will begin to think I am an old man, but it does not always appear that way to me and although I have some fifteen grand children, some of whom are as tall as I am, yet there are times when it seems to me that I am still one of the boys.

A brief summary of a few of the great changes that have taken place in this country since I landed in San Francisco in 1860 may interest a few.

The population of San Francisco in 1860 was fifty-eight thousand. There was not a street car line in the city and only a short steam railway that connected San Francisco with the Mission a few miles distant. Then there was the "Steam Paddy" and a portable railroad for leveling the sand hills and filling in depressions and swamps. San Francisco was not connected by telegraph with the east until October, 1861. The Pony Express which ran between St. Joseph, Mo. and Sacramento, was the speediest way of getting letters and news to San Francisco which generally took one week or more. The quickest time on record by Pony Express from St. Joseph

to Carson City was five days and eighteen hours, when it brought President Lincoln's first message. The distance traveled was seventeen hundred and twenty miles.

Sixty years ago the main travel from New York to San Francisco was by way of the Isthmus of Panama. The trip generally took around twenty-three days. The Cape Horn route, by boat all the way, took several months and the ox team route from Iowa or Missouri to California took about five months or more. Since we have had railroad connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific coast the trip from Jersey City to Oakland, a distance of three thousand three hundred and eleven miles has been made in less than eighty-four hours.

We are now sailing through the air at high speed and it will not be long before a thirty or forty hour record will be made between New York and San Francisco.

In the matter of light for the night time there has been great improvement. During the late '50s, I was still a resident of Fall River, Mass., which was only about fourteen miles distant from New Bedford, the leading port where the whaling fleets were fitted out to go into the Northern Pacific by way of Cape Horn in search of whales. It generally took twenty months or more to complete the voyage and land their cargo in New Bedford. Whales were becoming very scarce and people were wondering how they would find a substitute for whale oil for light.

To make matters worse many of the tanks of oil at New Bedford were destroyed by fire. A substitute they were beginning to use was called "fluid" and gave a light about equal to a second class candle. There was very little if any gaslight used in the homes of Fall River.

About the time that the situation seemed hopeless, kerosene or coal oil began to come into use and was considered a grand light but of course people who have become accustomed to the electric light do not like to go back to the old fashioned kind, although it sometimes becomes a case of necessity when the electric light gets out of commission.

There are many other wonderful discoveries or inventions since the old days of the whale oil light and among these modern improvements are the telephone, wireless, bicycle and automobile. Next to the war, the automobile is the greatest factor in the so-called high cost of living. We are spending billions of dollars each year in this country for automobiles and their up-keep. We are also issuing hundreds of millions of dollars in bonds to build roads for them to run on. But in one respect, at least, it is a great blessing; it makes an almost unlimited demand for labor and material, and has done more to prevent over-production, glutted markets and low prices than any other thing except the war itself. The automobile has been a great education for the farmers, many of whom have autos and some of them spend a little time in joy riding and sight seeing. They occasionally

travel through palatial residence districts and swell graveyards, and view costly tombs and monuments and occasionally take a glance at the stylish and very costly clothing and jewelry worn by many people who are complaining about the high cost of farm products.

But the farmers in these tours of observation begin to realize if they got the same pay for their labor as many others either the price of many farm products would have to go higher or else many of the grafters would have to get along with smaller pay and wear a cheaper grade of clothing and jewelry and spend less money on tombs, monuments and other luxuries.

The Reno Wheelmen, who won the Pacific Coast championship for the fifty-mile bicycle race at Sacramento on July Fourth, 1900, had to defend their title to it at the state fair grounds at Reno against the Olympic team of San Francisco on the 17th of September, 1900, only about two and one-half months from the time they won the championship. It was on the first day of the fair and the grand stand was packed from pit to dome, with the largest crowd ever assembled at the track. The Olympic team had put up a job on the Reno team; their riders were to hook on to the Reno riders and trail them just close enough so as to be pulled along without much exertion on their part and the last rider for the Olympics, who was a phenomenal sprinter as well as a good five mile plugger, was to sprint out

George E. Peckham and Fifteen Grandchildren in 1920

at the finish and win the race. For awhile it looked as if the job was going to succeed. Thompson rode the first five miles for Reno, with Kragness for the Olympics; Keddie came next for Reno with Belzer for the Olympics, then Hart for Reno and Hanna for the Olympics, making fifteen miles of the relay race without any gap being started by either side.

While this program of the Olypmics was being carried out King Ryan, the trainer for the Reno Wheelmen, saw something unusual must happen or the Reno boys would lose the championship, so he fixed up a program to out-general the Olympics. Arthur Peckham, the fourth rider for the Reno Wheelmen, whose wheel had a big gear and who had the leg power and lung power to work it, was to make a miserable pickup and let the Olympic rider, whose name was Davis, get well in the lead, and then get his big gear under full speed and pass him so fast that he could not hook on.

When Arthur started to pick up the Reno rider, his wheel began to wobble and it looked as if he was going to fall off. Many of those at the track thought he was either drunk or had heart failure, while nearly the entire crowd thought the race was lost. But after Davis for the Olympics had got well in the lead Arthur loosened up, his wheel became steady, he got his big gear under full speed and he passed the Olympic rider at a forty-mile clip and opened a wide gap. Davis made a tremendous effort to hook on but Peckham passed him like a flash and it looked from

the grand stand as if Davis were almost standing still. The yelling on the track and at the grand stand was deafening. The trainer was afraid Arthur would use up too much steam to continue at such a high rate of speed and told him to slow down but he had opened a good wide gap at the end of the five miles. Frazer was the next rider for the Reno team, then came Mershon, Everett, Shaver, Stanley, all of whom widened the gap, and when Jim Peckham finished for the Reno team they were one and five-eighths miles in the lead. The last one, and the crack rider for the Olympics, had to ride his last one and five-eights miles alone, as the Reno team had already completed their fifty miles.

Russ of the Olympics was a good rider and made fast time, which acted as a mild tonic to the vanquished San Francisco team, who were very much sadder and wiser than they were when they hatched up their California program to defeat the Nevada boys.

COMPOUND INTEREST; SOME BASKET-BALL

The late C. C. Goodwin had some experience with compound interest in the early days of Nevada that he did not soon forget. He had built a quartz mill a few miles from Dayton in 1861, which was washed away by the flood of January, 1862, and when he left Dayton he was in debt about one thousand dollars, which he settled with notes drawing compound interest. About nineteen years later he thought he had paid at least one million dollars on those notes and he said that he never got his head above water financially but one of those compound interest notes would come from some secluded spot and follow him like a shadow.

Other pioneers of the '60s had a similar experience. There were only a few lenders here during the early and middle '60s although the rate of interest ranged between four and ten per cent per month, the interest payable monthly or compounded monthly, and sometimes the interest was payable in advance.

It was during the early or middle '60s that Washoe County borrowed some three thousand dollars from a man named McFarland at five per cent per month, compounded monthly. The County also borrowed money from Lou Drexler on the same

terms and when another public-spirited money lender offered to let the County have enough money at four per cent per month to pay Drexler off, it made Mr. Drexler so mad that he denounced the commissioners as being unfair because he had come to the rescue of the County when there was no other money lender around. If Washoe County had allowed one thousand dollars of those early day loans with its five per cent monthly compound interest to run from that time until now, the interest accumulations would amount to more than ten thousand times the value of all the property on this planet.

The following little example in compound interest will show how a small amount at a low rate of compound interest will grow into a vast sum if it continues for a long series of years: If one cent had been put at interest at the birth of Christ with the rate of interest at six per cent per annum and compounded annually wih the whole amount of interest accumulations to be paid in 1920 in standard gold of present value, it would require forty-seven figures to represent the amount in dollars, or if figured in cubic miles of gold it would take more gold than could be contained in a rope of solid gold four thousand miles in diameter and many billion times the distance of this planet from the sun in length.

This state is paying five per cent per annum on an irredeemable Territorial bond. The interest from this bond goes into the state school fund and is used

for school purposes. The amount of interest paid by the state of Nevada on this three hundred and eighty thousand dollar bond already exceeds one million dollars and the bond is as irredeemable as ever. However, it is a liability of the state that does not hurt, as the interest on the bond goes into the public school fund.

Old timers of California also had some experience with compound interest. One victim had built a hotel in San Jose in 1849 and borrowed twenty-five hundred dollars to complete or furnish it. The interest on this loan was eight per cent per month, compounded monthly. The hotel man lost out in his race with the compound interest and a number of years later he was sued by the lender who got judgment for about twenty million dollars. There are many other court records in California that show millions of dollars of compound interest that were due on loans that were for small amounts. These old-time incidents in finance seem almost too ridiculous for belief, but some of our modern financial activities are almost as ridiculous. Take our so-called gold standard which has been fastened on the world by a few of the former creditor nations of Europe who forced many of the debtor nations to adopt it by methods that did not conform to the Golden Rule or a square deal. The creditors have been writing the gold clause into bonds, notes and mortgages until promises to pay gold now amount to forty or fifty times the stock of monetary gold, including gold bullion, on this planet.

During the twenty months I resided at Galena, I never saw an umbrella or parasol in use in that town. Those hardy lumbermen and teamsters would face all kinds of weather without flinching and if a man had been seen carrying an umbrella he would have been declared insane, and if one of those old-time Washoe zephyrs ever got a whack at anything that resembled an umbrella or parasol its career would have been over soon.

There were some freak runaways in Reno during the '80s and '90s. There was one that impressed me so forcibly that I could not help remembering it. No one was seriously hurt, but it was intensely exciting while it lasted. It happened in October, 1886. John Wright of Steamboat Valley and I had bought some cattle to feed and had left them in the corrals at Reno while we took dinner. John Wright ate at the Golden Eagle Hotel on Sierra street, and just as he came out of the hotel and got on his horse, which was a pinto and full of life, the escaping steam from a locomotive frightened a horse attached to a cart near the track. A young lady was in the cart. The horse ran away and as he turned short into Sierra street, the cart tipped up on its side and the young lady was thrown out. The racket made by the cart, added to the noise made by the escaping steam from the locomotive, frightened the horse still more and he made a straight shoot for the horse that John Wright had just mounted, and as the pinto horse heard the loud commotion behind him he kicked his hind feet high

in the air and gave a quick jump and was soon under full speed running up Sierra street towards the graveyard with the other runaway horse and dangling cart following at breakneck speed. At the time the pinto made the kick and the jump, Mr. Wright's hat went up in the air and he rode the rest of the race bareheaded. Mr. Wright could hear the loud racket behind him but was so busy trying to keep his seat on the horse and not lose his hold on the bridle reins, that he had no desire to look back. It was a lucky runaway, not soon to be forgotten by the writer.

Nevada University had a fine basket ball team of girls in 1899. They won the game with the Stanford University team on the Stanford campus. The University of Nevada team of girls as published in a local paper at the time was: Miss Elizabeth Stubbs, manager; Miss Louise Ward, captain; Frances Kerby, touch center; Ethel Sparks, left guard; Ethel Peckham, home guard; Louise Ward, right guard; Bernice Worland, left forward; Stella Linscott, home forward; Winnie Strosnider, right forward; Mrytle Montrose, right center; Ida Holmes, left center; substitutes, Misses Hill and Parish. The game was played on April 10, 1899. The account of the game as telegraphed from San Francisco follows:

"After a long, stubbornly contested game upon the Stanford campus, the Nevada State University basket ball team beat the great Stanford University

team by a score of three to two. The game was well played throughout, the Stanford team not resorting to the rough tactics which characterized the previous games with Berkeley.

The game was played upon the Stanford campus out in the open air. Both sexes were admitted; in consequence of this the whole Stanford undergraduate body was present and rent the air with college yells, songs and cheer after cheer for their team, but it availed naught. The sagebrush girls from the University of Nevada, with hardly a single shout of encouragement, fought their way to victory with that determination characteristic of young Nevadans. When it was all over they gathered together, a mere speck in all that wilderness of Stanford humanity, and sent forth with triumphant vim the college cry of Nevada:

"Wah hoo wah
"Zip boom ah
"Rah, Rah, Rah,
"Nevada."

SOME FINANCE; A MIRACULOUS RUNAWAY

The so-called financiers who are advocating contration and the lowering of values admit that it will be very painful to many, but they are careful not to tell that it will be very profitable to the few who have salted their wealth down in money or gilt edge securities.

There is one way to cure these selfish absorbers from advocating contraction and that is to make them stand their full share of the pain. Most of the pain they refer to comes to the people who have deferred payments to make and whose property is held as security for debt and whose equity in this property is the first to be sacrificed by contraction and falling prices; but by scaling the value of the creditor holdings down by the same percentage as the borrowers' equity is scaled down, the so-called pain would be equalized and would be painless to both. Then there would be no incentive for the selfish absorbers to advocate contraction. In place of contraction we need a little specie readjustment like the remonetization of silver at the old ratio with gold and then the doubling of the mint price and legal tender value of both metals. This is needed to preserve the equilibrium between our paper currency, credit and specie.

I have been rather a close student of human nature

for the past sixty years or more and have had considerable experience in a business or social way with many people of various occupations including missionaries and others and have noticed a great variety of characteristics and some very pronounced peculiarities among many of them. One little incident that happened to me in Massachusetts in the '50s when I was going to school caused me to do a great deal of thinking. The rules were very strict against swearing on the play grounds. Two boys who were older and larger than I was had told the teacher that I swore on the play ground. When school opened I was called upon the platform and questioned in regard to it. I denied it as well as I knew how for I was entirely innocent, but I was bashful and stuttered a little which was taken as a sure sign of guilt. Fate was against me and I had to be punished. The punishments consisted in my standing on the platform, facing the school children, while the teacher washed or swabbed my mouth out with about the bitterest liquid I ever tasted and it did not improve my feelings after school was out when I was told by some very sober looking children that when I died I would be burned up with brimstone because I swore.

There was a very exciting and peculiar finish to to the runaway of a horse and cart belonging to Pat Kelly, many years ago. Charles Chase and a partner had a saloon on the northwest corner of Second and Virginia streets. Next to the sidewalk on Second street was a row of hitiching posts where farmers and

others would tie their teams, and an old gray horse that I used to drive was often among those that were tied there. When Pat Kelly's horse came running up Second street there was no driver in the cart and he ran in between two rigs that were hitched near the Chase saloon and he was under such momentum when he stumbled on to the sidewalk that he slid over against the side of the building and landed the cart on the sidewalk also. It seemed like a miracle the way it happened. There was barely room for the horse to pass between the two rigs and yet neither one of the two rigs showed any sign of a collision. The way that cart landed on the sidewalk has always remained a mystery. There were a number of people standing there and thought they saw it happen but when they saw the surrounding conditions the only explanation they could give was that a miracle had taken place.

A brief review of some of the early day business methods and markets in Western Nevada may be interesting to business men and farmers of the present generation. Prior to 1877, most of the hay produced on the Truckee Meadows was baled for shipment to outside markets, but after that date a good share of the hay was sold on the ranches for feed to live stock, including beef cattle and sheep for mutton. I had a good grade of hay and plenty of barn room and baled my entire crop of 1878 but could not sell it. The crop of 1879 I sold to stockmen and had to carry my entire crop of baled hay of 1878

until the spring of 1880. The spring of 1880, especially the month of April, was a hard one on live stock and hay became very scarce. Bodie was a lively mining camp at that time and there was a large amount of teaming between Carson and Bodie. Hay in the Carson and Mason valleys was getting scarce in March, 1880, and I began selling my 1878 crop of baled hay for shipment to Carson for the teams engaged in hauling freight from Carson to Bodie.

The supply of hay was also getting short at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and I sold a car load of hay to a business man in Gold Hill who had a grocery store and was also handling wood and lumber. He weighed the hay on his own scales after he had taken it out of the car. He then loaded it onto a wagon and hauled it to his barn and dumped it on the ground. There was considerable waste every time it was handled, and he sent the pay for the hay according to his own estimate of weight At the same time he sent an order for another car load of hay to be shipped immediately as he was nearly out. In place of sending him the hay I wrote him a nice instructive letter telling him that conditions had changed from those of 1877, when hay was a drug, and when the farmers had to stand all the loss of wastage in handling and shipping and yet accept a low price with slow pay, and when paid, had to accept a large percentage in trade dollars, which we had to discount ten per cent or more at the banks in Reno. The letter was very nice and I also wrote him that he was

selling flour at its original weight although it was getting lighter every time he handled it, and his lumber, as it dried out, lost in width and thickness but he was selling it at its original size. Then I told him if he would send the balance due on the first car load of hay, I would send him the other on the same conditions. He complied with the request. Of course, as soon as market conditions changed for the worse for the farmers they had to submit again to low prices and all kinds of gouging which continued at least three-fourths of the time between 1881 and 1898.

TEAMSTERS' TROUBLES; PITCHING HAY

A description of a few of the little annoyances that teamsters had to put up with in the '60s or '70s may act as a tonic to people who are sometimes caught in a shower while they are on their way from their nearby homes to a clubroom or picture show.

It was during May, 1877, when I was hauling hay to Virginia City by way of the Geiger grade, generally making the round trip the same day, and repeating the trip about two or three times a week. The distance for the round trip was thirty-eight or forty miles, depending on what part of the city I had to reach to deliver the hay. It was a long

drive for one day but if the weather was good I enjoyed the trip.

There was one trip, though, that I did not complete in one day. Before I got half way up the grade, I got caught in a sleet storm which made the road heavy and hard pulling for the team. I knew we could not make the round trip that day so I gave the team plenty of time to rest between pulls and we finally got to the summit. But it was late in the day. I was wet to the skin and chilled to the marrow and by the time I got to the hay yard and stable near the Divide and put my team up it was after dark. By that time the water had drained out of my clothes, the wind had gone down and I was feeling fairly comfortable. I ate supper at the hotel and then went to bed without taking any clothes off except my hat and shoes. My clothes seemed to dry out during the night so they did not show much effect from the storm. I was up early the next morning and after selling and delivering the load of hay I arrived back home about one o'clock that afternoon and did not feel any the worse for the drenching and chill I got the day before.

Little incidents like that in my early life, and I had many of them, acted as a tonic, They often improve a person's power of endurance increasing longevity and preventing stomach troubles, gout or dyspepsia. Although I have been my own physician nearly all the time during the past sixty years I would not prescribe such a remedy for the present genera-

tion, for under modern conditions there are not many who could stand it and survive to anything like old age. Modern civilization, style, and habits in general, seem to require that a large per cent of the people become more delicate than those of the old days when doctors and hospitals were much scarcer than now. Most of the doctors that came to Washoe County in the early '60s to practice their profession soon had to find another means of a livelihood; some became farmers, others bull whackers, or politicians and a few became poets or engaged in other literary work.

It seems kind of nice in some respects to be able to write about events that happened sixty years or more ago and to feel that my statements will be taken as fairly accurate or as nearly so as any human agency can make them, for be it remembered that no two people can see or hear an event from exactly the same angle and, when it comes to remembering these events that happened from twenty to sixty-five years ago it seems more like an inspiration than a feat of memory.

The following will show how great a "has been" I have been. In 1878 I was in my physical prime. I was twenty-seven years of age and believe I did the biggest summer's work of farm manual labor ever performed by one man on the Truckee Meadows. In those days the alfalfa hay was handled without derricks or loaders and was pitched onto the wagon

by hand pitchforks, and pitched off from the wagon in the same way.

I had four men besides myself: one man with the mower, one with the rake and three of us with the wagon. I helped pitch the hay onto the wagon and did the stacking while the other two pitched the hay from the wagon onto the stack. We put up the grass hay and first crop of alfalfa on what is now one-half of the Fife farm and all of the Peckham farm in five weeks with one wagon. I was with the wagon every load, the rest of the personnel of the crew being slightly changed before the first crop was all put up.

One of the men helping to pitch the hay onto the wagon claimed that he won the prize for being the champion hay pitcher in the state of Maine the year before and he was going to show me how much quicker he could pitch the bunches of hay onto the wagon that were on his side than I could from my side. His intentions were good but before nine o'clock he had taken off all his clothes but his underwear and had a handkerchief tied around his neck, his shoes were getting very sloppy from sweat and he was drinking large quantities of water every load. At about half past eleven he wilted and said he was all in. I told him to rest up until one o'clock and I would do some irrigating and other chores while he was resting and would be on hand at one o'clock. The afternoon was very hot and he only lasted until four o'clock. Then he took off his hat

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

and apologized for his mistake and told me that I was by far the superior of any hay pitcher in the state of Maine. In those days it was considered a badge of honor to do a big day's work and I appreciated his complimentary remarks.

On the 12th of April, 1880, I had the misfortune to knock my knee out of joint, which kept me in bed for three weeks and on crutches for three months afterwards. This knocked me out for being a champion hay pitcher any longer, but the grasshoppers were very bad that year and crops were light. The harvesting was a short job, and my step brother, William Norcross, took my place on the farm while I was disabled.

There were some pretty prominent people that worked on the Peckham or Norcross farm during the '80s, and among them were Jess Drake, Harvey De Hart, Joe Wollam, Sardis Summerfield, Tom Norcross, Charles Norcross, A. N. Lowe and others. Tom Hill and Jim Pollock had a hay press during the '70s and baled considerable hay on the Truckee Meadows. They came in contact with some pretty tough work around and in the sweat box, but like myself they were young and vigorous and enjoyed the exercise which gave them a splendid appetite.

Bill Frazer was another husky hay baler and helped to bale the first bale of new hay that was hauled into Reno in 1874. It came from my ranch and was baled on the 10th day of June, 1874. It was grass hay, and I delivered two loads on that day

to L. W. Lee. The winter of 1873-74 had been a very hard one and hay was all cleaned up on this side of the mountains and some hay was shipped in here from California—some of it was oat hay and so badly matted in the bale that it had to be knocked loose with a sledge hammer.

Frank Payne, another prominent citizen of Reno, helped to hay on the Peckham and Norcross farms in the early '70s and became very efficient in handling a pitchfork, and when he was helping us to haul hay, it went into the stack on the double quick.

LOW WATER IN THE RIVER; SYRUP OF FIGS

The statement of B. F. Leete that when he rode his horse across the Truckee river in August, 1859, the water was not ankle deep to his horse is another severe jolt to the scenic beauty theorists who want the margin between high and low water on Tahoe to be kept within a limit of four feet. At the time Leete crossed the Truckee river in 1859, it was at the close of the fifth consecutive dry season at Sacramento, the nearest station to Tahoe and the Truckee river where a record of precipitation was kept at that time. This would indicate that Lake Tahoe was much lower on October 1, 1859, than it was on October 1, 1889, probably two feet lower, as there was no dam

at the outlet to retain the flow whenever the surface of the lake happened to be above the outlet. This would make the elevtion of the lake at low water in 1859 about six thousand two hundred and twenty-one feet or ten feet lower than on July 14, 1907, when the elevation was six thousand two hundred and thirty-one and twenty-six hundredths feet above sea level, and about fifteen feet lower than the estimated high water mark of 1862.

As the seasons of 1862-63 and 1863-64 were the two driest consecutive seasons on record, it would also make Tahoe lower on October 1, 1864, than on October 1, 1889, with an elevation some higher than in 1859 and about one foot lower than 1889, which would make one variation on Tahoe of fifteen feet and another variation of fourteen feet and the two variations within a period of five years.

These estimates are based on precipitation records of the nearest stations that kept the early day record or are from the memory of people who were either at the Lake during those seasons or resided on the watershed of the Truckee river, and I believe they are fairly accurate. Since 1888, records have been kept at the Lake.

We are now about at the end of a series of dry seasons and when the wet seasons again show up with their old time vigor then our California friends will begin to see the error of their ways and will multiply their four-foot margin theory by any number necessary to keep pace with the rapid increase in the

elevation of the Lake. It will also refresh the memory of the more elderly of the admirers of scenic beauty as to what happened in 1890, 1904 and 1907, when some of them were talking quite loudly and advocating blowing out the dam and enlarging the outlet so as to let the water out faster. Perhaps a few years hence our California admirers of scenic grandeur will be trying to expunge from the records all that they ever said about a four foot margin on Lake Tahoe.

That world-renowned remedy called "Syrup of Figs," if I am correctly informed, was first prepared in Reno by Pinniger and Queen, Reno druggists. It became such a favorite remedy in this vicinity that it was fast taking the place of Ayers Pills, Perry Davis' Pain Killer and other remedies. A company was formed and its preparation or manufacture was begun on a larger scale at Glendale. One report was that George Alts' barn or some other building near by was the place of manufacture. George Alt was president of the company, Sol Levy was secretary and Herman Thyes was one of the trustees. Quite a number of Reno people became interested in this benevolent company that thought they had found a remedy that would relieve mankind of its many ills without so much griping as was caused by the old time remedies . It was a big success and a few members began to have visions of great wealth, of trips to Europe and a continuous round of pleasure if too many were not allowed to share in the profits.

A law suit and an assessment weeded out a good many. On October 30, 1883, George Alt and Sol Levy were ousted as officers and trustees and J. J. Condon and J. J. Quinn were put in as trustees. H. J. Thyes was selected to represent the minority. R. E. Queen was then elected president, T. E. Haydon vice-president and J. F. Condon secretary.

The following item from a local paper of October 17, 1883, shows that snow falls early in the season once in a while:

"A. M. Ward, while hunting stock near Granite mountain a few days ago, got lost in a blinding snow storm and came near perishing. Snow fell to a depth of two feet in a few hours."

The present little flurry in a few industries and the slump in prices in a few products is probably only temporary as our industrial and financial systems are so interwoven that there is very little danger of one of those old-time panics when the cunning profiteers who had salted their wealth down in money or gilt edge securities would reap an unearned harvest of several hundred per cent when measured in values of other property. The old style panic, when bank depositors would engage in a foot race to get to the bank to withdraw deposits, has been superseded by a more humane and scientific way of protecting the debtor as well as the holder of so-called gilt-edge securities. But we are in need of a little legislation both financial and industrial.

If there ever was a time in the history of the United

States when we needed a high protective tariff, that time is now; otherwise our big coast markets will be turned over to the foreigners. We not only need a high protective tariff for the product of the factory but that of the farm also. The large increase in the cost of rail transportation from the interior to the coast would make it impossible for states in the inerior to compete with foreign countries for our coast markets unless we have a high tariff, because foreign countries have cheap water transportation.

Our monetary system needs legislation and regulation that will give both creditor and debtor a square deal, and a lively discussion on this subject might result in some benefit to many people who have been victims of others who are classed as shrewd financiers.

A REMARKABLE DREAM; PHYSICAL EDUCATION; WORK ON THE FARM

As I remember them, the following items were published in the Athenian Literary Society paper at Huffakers about forty years ago:

"While William Warren was seated near the stove in Jerry Schooling's store in Reno the other day, he had occasion to take his hat off just as three Indian ladies entered the store. These ladies noticed immediately that Mr. Warren was almost hairless.

They became greatly excited and were talking quite rapidly and pointing to Mr. Warren's head. One of the ladies went over to where Jerry Schooling was and pointing her finger at Mr. Warren said: 'He no brave man, heap lose um scalp; squaw no have him.' "

A very interesting debate on the Mormon and polygamy question took place at one of the meetings of the Athenian Literary Society. Mr. Tolles was on the side against polygamy and made a very eloquent plea against a man having more than one wife and was frequently applauded by the ladies who were present. Mr. Warren took the opposite side and favored polygamy but thought no one man should be allowed more than twenty wives. The only applause Mr. Warren received was from a group of men standing in the back part of the school room near the outside doors.

It was such an able and impressive discussion that it made a profound sensation and was the talk of the society for a long time afterwards. It caused one of the members to have a most remarkable dream which was published in the society paper and read at the next meeting.

According to this dream a very eloquent and magnetic Mormon missionary had held a series of revival meetings at Huffakers and had converted a large number including Mr. Tolles and many who came out from Reno to hear him. Mr. Tolles was given a very high position and became the head bis-

hop of Huffakers. Like many other dreams it included events that would take years to happen in the ordinary way, and according to this dream a big celebration was being held at Huffakers on the anniversary of the conversion of Mr. Tolles. A long procession was marching up the Virginia road with a large delegation from Reno in the rear. There were many people along the line of march and as the procession was approaching a group of spectators, Charles Jenkins who was in the group, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be hanged if Tolles hasn't got an elephant leading his procession." "Hush," cried William Everett, "don't talk so loud. That leader of the procession is not an elephant but the ponderous form of William Warren, who is as great a man among his followers at Huffakers as was Brigham Young among the saints of Salt Lake." According to this dream the procession and every thing connected with it was a very spectacular affair.

The reading of the dream created unbounded enthusiasm and the reader had to pause frequently to allow the listeners to give vent to their feelings.

The following incidents that happened fifty years or more ago were rather interesting to me and my friends at that time. Ben Shaber and family were living on the old Alec Cochrane ranch about one-half mile from where Charles Robinson and I were living. One evening during the fall of 1868 Mr. Robinson and I started out to visit our neighbor, Mr. Shaber.

There had been a heavy rain and the road was muddy, so we concluded to walk down to his house through the field, which was a grass meadow. Mr. Robinson thought I was rather awkward in climbing over the fence and he told me to watch him and see how an old man could go over the fence. He put one hand on the top and gave a spring to jump over the fence, but unfortunately for him the heel of one of his shoes got caught on the board and it turned his body so that he landed on his head near where I was standing. It took him some little time to get up and when he saw that I was laughing at him he was quite angry and said it might have broken his neck and that I should never laugh at an accident like that, as it might get me into trouble. I told him I could not help it and it might have been the same even if his neck had been broken. I also told him he was too old a man to be trying to show off in that way. Then I apologied for laughing at his misfortune, which made him feel much better and by the time we arrived at Mr. Shaber's he was in good humor and we had a very pleasant visit with our neighbor.

In those days there was much hard work to do on the farms, clearing off the brush, digging post holes and ditches and other work, and when George Deremer, Charles Robinson or I had an extra tough job we would sometimes swap work and get through with it as quickly as possible. When we were digging post holes we would often engage in a contest to see

which could dig a post hole the quickest or the largest number in a day. Although I was only seventeen or eighteen years of age I had no trouble in doing my share of work in full and with much ease. This was doubtless due to my getting broken in to hard work while I was growing.

The work I did on ranches in California in 1863, when I was twelve years old, gave me a good start in physical culture. I was sheepherder, weed puller, turned the grind stone during harvest when the grain was cut with cradles, and worked in the tobacco fields when the growing tobacco needed the removal of the suckers. I helped to drive sheep and hogs to market on foot, thus improving my qualifications as a pedestrian—which were further improved a year or two later with my daily walk of thirty miles carrying mail and papers from Washoe City to Galena and surrounding lumber and wood camps.

This early training in physical instruction seems to have had the desired effect and up to the present time has kept me immune from gout, dyspepsia or stomach trouble of any kind. But perhaps I ought to add that the old time Washoe zephyrs deserve much credit for some of the great vitality displayed by such old time residents of Western Nevada as Harry Fogg, Bob Gracey, Jack Frazer, A. M. Lamb, W. F. Everett, Orville Sessions, Bill Lyell, Charles Gulling, Charles Taylor, Bob Watson, H. Smith, Sam Wilbur, William Caughlings, C. H. Rulison and scores of others.

I believe I am the only one left in Washoe County that belonged to the Sons of Temperance of Galena as early as 1864, which partly accounts for my being able to give my old acquaintances an occasional write up.

AN EARLY DAY DOG STORY; SOME MORE TAHOE FIGURES

One of the noted characters of the Truckee Meadows during the '60s and early '70s was Capt. Gray. He was an all round handy man and rancher and had worked as a farm hand on the ranches of Charles Robinson, T. W. Norcross and others. He was also a good financier and started loaning money at an early day when the rates of interest were around four to ten per cent per month compounded monthly.

He was a splendid collector and his money multiplied rapidly. If he had stayed in Washoe County a few years longer he would have owned the County, but he was a great lover of fun at other people's expense and some times had a very violent temper which caused him a little trouble.

In the early days there was an incident happened at the John Martin station on the Virginia road, where the university farm is now located, concerning which no two witnesses could give a similar description. I was not present when it occurred but I saw

some of the effects of it a short time afterwards and heard it described at different times by the different witnesses who were there.

There was an undesirable dog at the Martin station which may have been a stray and Mr. Martin wanted him to stay away from the place. Cap Gray suggested that they tie a can of powder to the dog's tail with a long enough fuse attached so it would not explode until at a safe distance, and the dog would get such a scare when the explosion occurred he would never come back.

Mr. Martin had plenty of powder and fuse at the station and Cap Gray was an expert in attending to the details. The dog with the can of powder and fuse attached to his tail was turned loose near the Virginia road. The dog started off at a lively clip but when he looked around and saw and heard the sputtering fuse he turned around and made a straight run for the men who were watching him.

Mr. Martin in trying to dodge the dog stepped into a post hole and painfully wrenched his leg. The dog then ran against Cap Grey with such force that he was knocked over and badly frightened for he was expecting the explosion to take place at that time. The dog then ran between the legs of a man named Becker, who was nearly capsized; from there the dog rushed through the open doorway into the bar room and while he was circling the bar room the can of powder slipped from the end of the dog's tail and

skidded under the stove just as the explosion took place.

The stove was badly wrecked, part of it being blown through one of the windows, a hole was blown in the floor and other damage done around the bar room, but as far as the dog was concerned it had the desired effect for the dog received such a scare that he was never seen on the premises again.

Late in August, 1888, the Truckee river was very low and the farmers of the Truckee Meadows needed a little more water to mature the late crops. Mr. Mayberry was employed by the ditch owners to clean out the outlet at Lake Tahoe so as to increase the flow in the Truckee river. He took up a crew of men and utensils and performed the work and the farmers had plenty of water the remainder of that season.

But as soon as the elder Mr. Bliss heard of what was going on he took an attorney from Carson City to Auburn to perform the necessary red tape to stop the work of cleaning out the debris from the outlet of the Lake. Much of this debris may have been caused from the lumbering operations of Yerington, Bliss & Company or some such firm or corporation. When these stately pines were being sacrificed in the interest of the lumber industry there was no champion of scenic beauty there to stop it.

The sheriff of Placer County had proceeded to the outlet of Lake Tahoe with the necessary authority to stop this work of cleaning out the rubbish and

debris which was partly or mostly caused by these lumber operations at the Lake, but unfortunately for Mr. Bliss and the admirers of scenic grandeur, Mr. Mayberry and his crew had completed the work and were outside of Placer County when the sheriff arrived at the Lake. The scenic grandeur of Tahoe was damaged to the extent of lowering the Lake a fraction of an inch until the damage was repaired by the next storm.

Mr. W. L. Bliss in criticising a statement made by "Nevadan" that "before there was any dam at the outlet of Lake Tahoe there was a fluctuation on the elevation of the lake of fifteen feet," stated that it was a fairy tale and then tried to explain that the gap would be thirteen hundred feet wide with a flood from six feet to fifteen feet flowing from five to ten feet per second and washing everything before it.

That criticism is rather extravagant and he probably would not have made it if he had been quick and accurate in mathematics. Let us suppose that this volume of water pouring out of Tahoe is only six feet in depth for the thirteen hundred feet in width and we will take his maximum velocity of this volume of water flowing at the rate of ten feet per second. This would make seventy-eight thousand second feet pouring out of Tahoe which is about sixty times the maximum amount that was running out of Tahoe in July, 1907, when the Lake was at an elevation of only five feet less than the elevation of 1862. If these calculations are right then Mr. Bliss

seems to be in the fairy tale class. Of course if his statement is accurate he was justified in making the further statement that it would wash everything before it.

"HANDSOMEST BABY" SWAPPING YARNS

Old man Small was a very conspicuous man around Reno and Truckee Meadows during the early days of Reno. He was not a handsome man but he claimed to have been the handsomest baby in a group of several states around Indiana. He was first exhibted at the county fairs of Indiana during his early babyhood, winning every prize for being the most beautiful child exhibited, and in a free for all contest at the state fair, he said he again took first prize with the most beautiful babies in the surrounding states of Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky and Michigan. The judges all declared he was the most beautiful child they ever saw, so Small asserted, and they did not believe there was another baby in the United States that was his equal.

As he grew older his beauty began to fade and when he arrived in Reno many years later the old-time beauty of his youth had entirely disappeared and he was a very plain looking, elderly man, although at one time he seemed quite a favorite among

some of the ladies. He was foreman for A. J. Hatch on the Marysville ranch, which Mr. Hatch had bought from Old Man Hill about 1870. This ranch is now owned by Mr. Bakeless and lies just south of the Fife farm. The Fife farm was originally owned by T. W. Norcross. I was living on the Norcross farm during the early seventies when Mr. Small was foreman on the adjoining farm.

In those days social gatherings among neighbors paid very little attention to cultured etiquette or style and when a lot of us old hay-seeds got together for a social chat there would be some very interesting stories told. Mr. Small could embellish his stories with some of the best Hoosier sentences I ever heard, and when Old Man Gillespie, another one of my early day chums, who was originally from Tennessee, and who retained some of the old time lingo in use in the mountain districts of that state prior to the Civil War, would start to match one of Mr. Small's stories I knew something was coming that would be worth listening to. When Old Man Gillespie would start to match Mr. Small's story, he would open his complimentary remarks with: "By gum, that's pretty good for Indiana, but I'll be grasshopper kicked if Tennessee can't beat it by a right smart chance with plenty of hog and hominy thrown in for good measure."

After Old Man Gillespie had finished his fine story in honor of Tennessee, I was expected to tell another to the credit of some other state. I selected

the Civil War story heretofore related in these reminiscences in the Galena chapter. Mrs. Legg of Missouri told about a squash that weighed four tons and which took two men to lift it into the wagon, and said she, "I tell ye we had some powerful men in Missouri before the war."

When I finished telling that story both Mr. Small and Mr. Gillespie, as well as the other listeners, acknowledged that Missouri took the cake. Then Mr. Small and Mr. Gillespie led off in singing that old song, in honor of Missouri:

"My name it is Jo Bowers,
I have a brother Ike,
I came from old Missouri
And all the way from Pike."

SOME LOW PRICES IN SAN FRANCISCO; SHOOTING A WOODEN DUCK

While I was living in San Francisco during the early '60s, competition in many kinds of business was very fierce. The hotel business seemed greatly overdone and only a few made it pay, which they did by buying their supplies at wholesale at bedrock prices. The old "What Cheer" house was one that did business at a profit. A person could get a very good meal there for ten cents, which included a piece of steak nearly the size of the plate, with bread and

vegetables, but if a person was not a teetotaler and had to have tea or coffee the price would be five cents extra.

Competition between steamboat companies was very bitter and passenger fare on the boats between Sacramento and San Francisco went as low as twenty-five cents and the steerage fare between San Francisco and New York by the Isthmus of Panama route for a few passengers went as low as nine dollars. But that kind of competition is now a thing of the past, and, in place of the old time bitter competition we now have organization or combinations, trusts and unions to look out for their own interests. When all occupations get thoroughly organized so that the people who do the drudgery work get a square deal and are on a parity with the so-called higher-ups, and get their share of good things, then the millennium will be at hand, provided of course that there is no hitch in the proceedings.

Fatalists who believe that everything on this planet and in the Universe is moving along according to a fixed program and is controlled by a power much higher than any human agency, seem to have some grounds for that belief. In a joint debate on this subject at the Athenian Literary Society of Huffakers many years ago it was decided that man is the victim of circumstances and fate, and is simply fulfilling his predestined career while he remains on this planet. And it is also foreordained that only a few will accept this belief on account of conditions not

being right for the belief to become general, all of which is a part of the general predestined plan. It was a very interesting debate with much feeling and ability displayed on both sides. There were four or five debaters on each side and they were all primed for the occasion. Some of the spectators did not like the decision of the judges but by the time the next meeting was held everything was as harmonious as ever.

One little incident that happened while I was in San Francisco will always remain a pleasant memory. William Vanderslice, a cousin of mine, had borrowed a gun and, spending all the money he had for ammunition, wanted me to go along to help him bring the ducks home that he expected to shoot. I was only about ten years of age and we went forth with great expectation. We traveled a long distance out through the sand hills and swamps and finally came to a pond where there was a duck. After firing several shots at the duck my cousin was afraid his ammunition would not hold out to get as many ducks as he would like. We drove some sticks down in the sand and left them at a suitable height for a rest for the barrel of the gun so as to get a more accurate aim, but this did not improve matters and he kept firing away at the duck until the ammunition was all gone. We then walked down to the edge of the pond so as to get a better view of the duck. It seemed very tame and paid no attention to our approach. We threw a few sticks at him, one of which

hit him and from the sound it made we concluded it was a wooden duck, the first of the kind we had ever seen. That little experience cured me. I have never been duck hunting since.

SOME EARLY MEMORIES; FAST VS. SLOW

Looking backward for a period of sixty-five years or more over my past life, many old time memories are revived. My father passed from this life in September, 1855, when I was but four and one-half years of age and yet I remember many incidents that happened before his passing. I would run out to meet my father when he was coming home from his work and he would often bring me little presents. One evening he brought me a nice iron hoop such as the little tots of those days liked to roll along the streets and sidewalks. I was greatly pleased and took great delight in playing with the hoop the rest of that evening and when night came I put the hoop in the woodshed. The next morning when I went to get it for another round of pleasure it was gone. I felt so badly over my loss and it made such a lasting impression that I could not forget it and have not to this day.

I began going to school in Fall River, Mass., when I was five years old and remember the first

piece I ever spoke at school. There were about twelve of us little tots standing in a row and each one spoke a short verse representing some trade. The one spoken by me follows:

"I am a blacksmith,
Your horses I'll shoe,
And I'll drive the nails,
Very carefully, too."

That little verse seems as fresh in my memory as when I first learned to repeat it sixty-four years ago. One little fellow about my age was so full of pent up activity while in school that it some times had to have vent in ways which were quite annoying to the teacher. One day, when everything was comparatively quiet in the school room, this little fellow gave a loud shrill whistle which startled the teacher and all the other children. As soon as the teacher recovered from her astonishment she asked the little fellow why he whistled that way in school. "I could not help it," replied the child; "it whistled itself." The answer astonished the teacher as much as the whistle did.

John Brown, the great abolitionist, was hung in the state of Virginia on the second day of December, 1859. During the hour he was hung the tolling of the bells in Fall River and many other Northern cities made it a very solemn occasion. It caused a profound impression on the people of the North and had much to do with hastening the Civil War and

the abolition of slavery. The song of "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave but his soul goes marching on" became the favorite war song at the beginning of the Civil War and words suitable for the tune and schools were sung at the schools in San Francisco during 1861 and 1862, while I was attending the Denman grammar school on Bush street in that city.

Within a week or so after John Brown was hanged my mother took me to hear Wendell Phillips, the most eloquent orator in Massachusetts at that time, deliver a eulogy on John Brown, which was grand beyond description. His audience was spellbound for nearly two hours and he declared John Brown one of the greatest heroes that ever lived.

When I look backward for sixty years and compare the roads and the speed made on the public highways in those days with the paved highways and the speed made by the automobiles of the present day, it makes a most wonderful contrast. But this great speed is much more costly and dangerous than the old style of travel and pleasure riding and probably has more to do with the present cost of living than any thing else.

The old "has-beens," pedestrians, and people who still persist in driving a horse or riding in autos that are not capable of great speed sometimes criticise the up to date joy riders who enjoy the exhilarating pleasure of speeding over the paved highways at a

sixty or eighty mile clip and to whom it is very annoying sometimes to have to bump into the slow pokes who do not hear them coming soon enough to clear the track.

It is also very aggravating to some auto drivers when they are gliding over the paved highways at seventy to one hundred miles an hour to have to dodge other autos, or perhaps slow down to pass through a band of beef cattle or sheep that are being slowly driven over these paved boulevards. But perhaps the exhilarating delight of traveling at this high speed is well worth the price and occasional loss of a few lives and limbs.

These up to date speeders should not be judged too harshly by the courts and pedestrians, for it may be a characteristic inherited from ancestors who lived in the age when so many had a weakness for a fast horse and would speed their horse up to the limit the same as many joy riders are speeding their autos up to the limit. At all events, it is highly probable that Saint Peter will look up the records of the ancestors of these auto speeders when they knock at his door for admittance, before he denies them a hearing.

FINANCIAL PANICS AND DEFLATION

As I have been somewhat of an observer or student of finance for more than sixty years, a brief summary of a few of my observations may interest some of the recent arrivals.

The first thing I remember in this line was the panic of 1857, which, when we consider the wealth and resources of the country at that time, was greater than we have had since. According to the Tribune Almanac of 1893 there were four thousand nine hundred and thirty-two failures in this country in 1857 with liabilities of two hundred and ninety-one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was the largest amount of failures for any year prior to 1893. The panic of 1861 caused six thousand nine hundred and ninety-three failures, but the liabilities were only two hundred and seven million two hundred and ten thousand dollars which was a figure much smaller than in 1857. On July 1, 1862, the amount of money in circulation in the United States was three hundred and thirty-four million six hundred and ninety-seven thousand, seven hundred and forty-four dollars, composed of one hundred and eighty-three million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand and seventy-nine dollars in state bank notes, ninety-six million six hundred and twenty thousand of United States notes, fifty-three million forty thous-

and dollars of demand notes and twenty-five millions of specie in circulation on the Pacific coast. This made the per capita circulation at that time only ten dollars and twenty-three cents.

The passage of the legal tender law of February 25, 1862, and the national banking law of February 25, 1863, increased the supply of money as needed, and towards the close of the Civil War a considerable part of the government obligations were used as currency, notably what was known as the seven thirty treasury notes, which also were drawing seven and three-tenths per cent interest per year. Other evidences of the interest-bearing debt were also used as currency and prices and business were good, and for the three years of 1863, 1864 and 1865 there were only one thousand five hundred and forty-five business failures, with liabilities of thirty-four million one hundred and three thousand nine hundred dollars in this country, or less than one-sixth of the liabilities for those three years of what it was for the one year in 1861.

Contraction on a limited scale began in 1866, but it was not until about 1869 and 1870 that contraction began to get in its deadly work, and to this was added the demonetization of silver in February, 1873, which culminated in a great panic that sent values of everything except money and gilt-edge securities a glimmering. Some of the best real estate in the eastern centers shrunk as much as seventy-five

per cent in price. This was caused by the wholesale contraction of money and credit.

There were several panics during the '70s and '80s, those of 1875 and 1878 and 1884 being nearly as bad as the one in 1873, but the people had become accustomed to them and tried to make the best of it, which was a tough job at the best. There were also some very tough times and panics during the early and middle '90s, that of 1893 being very severe. It caused much suffering among many people and although prices were exceedingly low for the necessaries of life there were ten times as many people without the price as there are now when there seems to be a general complaint about high prices. The following paragraph taken from an account of the tough times in New York City in 1893-94, as told by the World Almanac of 1895, may be of interest to those who cannot afford to buy an up-to-date stylish automobile:

"When the hard times fell upon the poor of the city, when an army of workless ones swarmed through the streets vainly seeking employment, when the bake-shops were surrounded by hungry-looking women and men with faces pressed against the pane, when the hard winter of 1893-94 seemed without hope for that great class whose earnings were cut off, when the outlook was darkest for the poor—then the World started its free bread fund. In the fall and winter this fund gave away one million four

hundred and ten thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine loaves of bread."

There is very little danger that those old-time panics and bedrock prices will be repeated, for there are numbers of elderly boys and girls who have been through that experience and who are still living and who know that it is not necessary to contract credit and the currency and pauperize the multitude to give an unfair and an unearned benefit to the few who have salted their wealth down in money or gilt-edged securities.

Occasionally some so-called financier will advocate "deflation," a refined name for contraction, and will admit it will be very painful, but he does not state that the pain will be suffered by the enterprising borrowers whose equity in property will be sacrificed in order that the purchasing power of the wealth of the "shrewd financiers" may be greatly enhanced. If it is necessary to have deflation it should be done so as to give all a square deal, then it would be painless. Let the creditors, gilt-edged and all, stand the same per cent of shrinkage in values as the debtor has to stand; then there will be no injustice done. But of course that would take away the great incentive for deflation by those who expected to reap a great harvest from it.

Every great war is fought by the aid of an expansion of credit and indebtedness, which results in business activity and higher prices and better times and there is no good reason why we should cling

to the old superstition that it is necessary to bring prices down to the pre-war level, but there are a number of very excellent reasons why our present volume of credit and currency should not be "deflated."

A TRIBUTE TO THE PIONEER

This is the closing part of a speech delivered in Reno about forty-six years ago by an early orator. It is given as I recall it from memory and may not be correct in every detail.

The gallant pioneer, he is a type of American fraternity, for he has honor and courage, qualities that eagle plume men's souls, and fit them for the sun.

He climbs like a huge fly upon the bald skull of some lofty mountain, and the primeval hills welcome his footsteps. He taps with the prospector's pick at the adamantine doors of the earth's treasure chambers, and at his demand they reveal their shining secrets. His glittering ax lays low the green plumed forest monarchs, and on the emerald hued prairies he marks the sites of the cities yet to be.

Not for him the science of the school, not for him the graces of culture, not for him the joys of home, not for him the sweet solaces of life, but he reads the story of the ages written on the rocks, and hears the

tale of mysterious forces whispered by the midnight stars. And the priest robed mountains and the smiling lakes, and white lipped sunset seas are his kindred. Southward you will behold him undaunted by the roar of the Colorado, and still onward to listen to the wash of tropic waters. Westward, Ah, there is no longer a West, for the iron lace with which progress fringes her garments, reaches now to where the Golden Gate swings back upon her hinges; Asia and the farther Indies are just beyond, and the Orient to Europe becomes the Occident to America.

Northward, his resolute face is turned toward the wooing mountains of crystal, until the North star gleams like a mighty diamond in its gold and crimson settings of Northern Lights and the sudden sun but for an instant hangs upon the verge of the Polar night, a faint remainder of the lost Southern clime, while the booming artillery of the ice king, hails the pioneer of Polar seas.

And still, from the silver and the orange blossoms of cactus fringed and snow crowned Mexico, northward to where the icebergs glitter against an arctic sky our pioneers are marching and toiling. In the pathway which their fierce feet are breaking our country is marching onward to her greatness, the army of civilization swells upon their pathway. Art, science, progress, the wealth of nations, the power and glory of the republic follow. All honor and all hail to those brave hearts who lead the vanguard.

CHRISTMAS EVE

E. C. Comerford

The following poem was written by Edwin C. Comerford at Virginia City, Christmas Eve, 1909 It was his last Christmas on earth and this is the story of how he came to write it. The snow was falling that Christmas eve and after his mother had finished the preparations for the Christmas dinner, she went out with him onto the porch to watch the whirling snow-flakes for they were a beautiful sight in the bright electric lights. It was nearly midnight, and as they stood there, the bell rang out for midnight mass at St. Mary's Church and the snow-covered mountains echoed the sound. Edwin was deeply impressed and said to his mother, "This is the most wonderful moment of my life." When they went back into the house, he took a piece of wrapping paper which was lying on the table, and wrote the poem:

How silently the snow falls, soft and white
How still the air seems, how dark the night.
Hushed is the world that patiently awaits
The hour when sable night the golden gates
Of dawn shall ope and flood the mantled earth
With radiance, with joy, good cheer and mirth.

From the hearth the log of Yule beams
On garnered fern and laden tree, and seems
To smile in happiness upon the row
Of little stockings hung in its warm glow.
It brings me back the memory of days
When life was innocent of mortal's ways
Those golden hours; that realm of wonder dreams
Where childhood wandered free on Pleasure's streams.
In ecstacy the old tea kettle sings
An anthem of its own, a hymn that brings
To mind the thought of distant angel choirs,
Singing with the joy the hour inspires.
Outside celestial hands are laying white
A vast Communion cloth, a heavenly rite.
And save a breath from passing angels' wings
The night is still.
But hark! A church bell rings
Far off! Its melody so faint and low
At first, now rises higher, o'er the snow.
With ryhthmic beat, from far the echo bounds,
A thousand chimes take up the joyous sounds.
And gladsome bells rings out with peal on peal—
The hour has come. We bow the head and kneel
In reverence to Him, the Prince of Peace,
As gradually the sounds grow less—then cease.

THE TRAPPERS AND EXPLORERS OF THE GREAT BASIN*

By F. N. FLETCHER

The first white men to enter the Great Basin country were the Spaniards who came from the southeast and explored a comparatively small portion of it. Their accounts tell but little, and their incursion left no lasting impress upon the country. For the explorations that led to permanent occupancy by civilized peoples we must turn to the northern portion of the Great Basin and to a date half a century later than the visit of the Spaniards.

Before taking up the story of these explorations a brief explanation of the geography of the country which is the scene of the activities to be described will be in order. The Great Basin country comprises all that portion of the United States lying between the western portions of the Rocky Mountains on the east and the Sierras on the west; and between the watershed of the Columbia river on the north and the Colorado on the south. It is a vast plateau, roughly speaking, 600 miles in width and 800 miles

* Paper read before the Leisure Hour Club of Carson City, 1918.

The Great Basin and Its Lakes

in length, with an average altitude of nearly one mile above sea level in the north, and gradually declining to sea level in the south, Unlike any other portion of the North American continent all its rivers run away from the sea. The high mountain chains on either side serve to squeeze nearly all the moisture from the air before it reaches the interior, with a resultant rainfall in the Basin so light that vast stretches are uninhabitable wastes. So wide were these deserts and so dreaded by the savage inhabitants, that undoubtedly their exploration by the whites was long delayed by the stories which the Indians told about them.

To try to understand the early history of the Great Basin without some knowledge of the fur-trade in the West, would be as futitle as to attempt to write the history of New England with no reference to the long struggle for religious freedom in Europe. How long the Great Basin country would have remained a *terra incognita* to civilization but for the efforts of the trappers, it would be rash to guess. But that it was first permanently explored and occupied by trappers, that their reports first made it known to the world, and that the geographers who subsequently explored it and the emigrants who traveled over it generally followed their trails and under their guidance, there can be no doubt.

The steam engine has so revolutionized our commercial life and the commerce of the world, that we forget, or if we remember think it of slight account,

that for three hundred years after the discovery of America by Columbus, bartering in furs was perhaps the chief business enterprise of North America. We think of our pioneers as going out through the Alleghany Mountains to take up the fertile lands in the valleys of the Ohio, the Kentucky, and the Tennessee, down into the prairies of the Mississippi valley and out over the plains of the Rockies, forgetting that they were a generation behind the trappers and hunters who had blazed the trails. Always it was the trapper and the fur-trader who sought out the hidden streams of an unknown and unexplored continent far in advance of the emigrant and the settler.

Without going too far afield in the romantic and fascinating story of the fur-trade it will help us to a clearer understanding of the history of our own State if we consider for a moment the conditions surrounding that trade in the Rocky Mountains about one hundred years ago. In 1804-05 Lewis & Clark made their famous expedition up the Missouri river and its chief tributary, over the Rockies and down the Columbia to the ocean, and thence back to St. Louis. On their return they met several parties going up the Missouri in search of furs; and from that time on St. Louis has been the center of the fur trade in the United States.

A few years later John Jacob Astor sent his ill-fated expeditions by land and by sea to found Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, and to control the fur trade in the far Northwest. Up on the head-

waters of the Columbia and its tributaries, along the streams in the great frozen country to the north, on the rivers and lakes that extended from the Rockies to the Great Lakes, and from these lakes to Hudson Bay and the Coast of Labrador, was the old and powerful Hudson Bay Fur Company, a huge and relentless machine which for generations had domineered the financial and political life of the Canadian Northwest. Against such a competitor no individual without government backing had a chance to cope; and Astor had no such backing. Astoria was lost and the Columbia became for a time the hunting ground of the Canadians.

The taking of furs like mining is a business of wasting assets; the more one takes the less remains. Profits to the trappers depended upon finding new and untrapped streams; and this in turn meant going farther and farther from the navigable rivers. Along in 1820 and the years following, the fur traders whose headquarters were in St. Louis found their richest hunting grounds in the headwaters of the streams whose sources were in the Rocky Mountains in what are now portions of Wyoming, Montana, Utah, and Idaho. The sources of these streams were almost at a common point, but wended their devious ways to oceans which a continent divides.

It would be interesting if time allowed to speak of some of the more prominent of these fur traders of the West in general, and describe their methods of

barter with the free trappers and the hardly less civilized Indians. It is a story replete with thrilling adventure and constitutes a chapter of prime importance in the history of the United States in the West. We can touch only upon that portion which has a direct bearing upon the future of the Great Basin country.

Remembering that the western fur-trade along in 1820 and thereabouts had gradually worked its way up to the headwaters of the Rocky Mountain streams and that the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company were crowding into this territory from the north, we are prepared to find the American traders with headquarters at St. Louis disputing this territory from the south. Between the two contending forces, whose competition was as fierce as it was unscrupulous, the fur-trade in that portion of the country was approaching extinction. So fierce was this competition that some of the traders, in order to secure the beaver skins and other valuable furs which had been obtained by the Indians and free trappers, were accustomed to take to the rendezvous the strongest alcohol, dilute it, and barter it for furs. Frequently it happened that after a wild debauch in the mountains the agents of the fur traders would return to Montreal or St. Louis with furs worth many thousands of dollars for which they had paid a few barrels of alcohol and sufficient powder and lead to keep the trappers at work for another season.

The first white men to enter the Great Basin from

the northeast were most probably a party of five men, Hoback, Miller, Johnson, Rezner and Cass, who had been left by the outbound Astorians on the Snake river in 1811 with orders to explore the country for fur-bearing streams. Their explorations took them two hundred miles south to the Bear river, one of the principal streams of the Great Basin. They later, after many wanderings and much hardship, returned to the Snake where they met in August, 1812, a party of Astorians under Robert Stuart returning to St. Louis. Miller joined Stuart's party and acting as guide led it across the divide into the valley of the Bear river, the second party of white men to enter the Great Basin from the north. They went up the river for a day's march, then having met with a band of hostile Indians they hastened eastward and re-crossed the divide into the valley of the Snake.

In 1818 Donald M'Kenzie heading a party of the Northwest Company trappers went up the Snake and trapped "on the Spanish waters" to the south, which would naturally mean the Green river and its tributaries but might well include the streams tributary to the Great Salt Lake. It seems probable that Bear river was visited by trappers in the years following M'Kenzie's expedition of 1818.

In the year 1824 Great Salt Lake was first discovered by white men. The honor of its discovery has been generally ascribed to James Bridger, a trapper. He belonged to the Ashley & Henry party en-

camped in Cache Valley on Bear river. He was sent down the river to discover its course and probable outlet, and returned with the information that the stream flowed into a great lake whose waters were too salt to drink and in which nothing could live. Bridger's claim to priority of discovery has been disputed by others—notably by Ettienne Provot, who at the head of another of Ashley & Henry's parties passed the winter of 1824-25 at the mouth of Weber river where it flows into Great Salt Lake. It is a question whether Bridger or Provot was the first to reach the lake. The lake had no particular interest for the trappers and it was not explored until the Spring of 1826 when a party of four men sailed around it in canoes to see if there were streams entering it where beaver could be caught, and further to note if it had an outlet. They were twenty-four days in making the trip around the lake; and reported that they found neither beaver nor outlet.

JEDEDIAH SMITH CROSSES THE GREAT BASIN

It was in the spring of this year 1826 that the firm of Ashley & Henry, which had become a dominant factor in the northwest fur trade, sold out their business to three men, Smith, Jackson and Sublette. It is in the subsequent career of the first of these men, Jedediah Strong Smith, that we are especially interested, for he was the first white man to cross the Great Basin. Oddly, as it seems, he crossed from west to east, from the Sierras to the Rockies, as the story will show. Jedediah Smith was born in 1798 in Western New York. In 1823 he joined Ashley's party of trappers, and from this time until 1826, when he became one of the owners, he was employed by Ashley & Henry, in a confidential capacity. He was fairly well educated, trustworthy, of tireless energy and unflinching courage. At the age of twenty-eight he became the senior partner in one of the leading fur companies of the country and one which by priority of discovery and possession held a vast territory to the east of Great Salt Lake, almost without competition.

In this region the trapping was still very profitable but as always in this business new hunting grounds must constantly be found. There was a

vast unexplored territory between the great salt lake and the ocean on the west and the Spanish country on the south. Into this unknown country in the hope of finding new and profitable fur bearing streams the new firm determined to push its way. The plan adopted was for Jackson and Sublette to continue trapping in the streams already known while Smith with a small party was to explore the unknown country to the south and west. On August 22, 1826, he started from Great Salt Lake with a party of fifteen men, "for the purpose," as he states in a letter, "of exploring the country S. W. which was entirely unknown to me, and of which I could collect no satisfactory information from the Indians who inhabit this country in its N. E. borders."

The records of Smith's trip to the southwest are meagre and at times misleading. He appears to have left Great Salt Lake near the mouth of the Jordan river, followed this river to Utah lake, thence south to the Sevier river, thence over the low divide to the Virgin river, which still retains the name he gave it in honor of one of his men. From there he proceeded down the Virgin to the Colorado river which he calls the Seedskeedeer. He followed this river for four days and remained fifteen days in the Mohave valley near the present site of Needles, California, to recuperate his men from the great hardships they had borne. Then having secured two Indian guides he traveled a west course as he says "over a country of complete barrens, especially traveling from morn-

ing till night without water." Finally leaving the Mohave desert he went up through El Cajon pass and down to San Gabriel Mission, twelve miles east of the present city of Los Angeles, where he arrived Nov. 27, 1826.

The good padres at the mission were kind and hospitable but the political authorities were suspicious and hostile. One of Smith's party, Harrison G. Rogers, kept a rather voluminous journal of the trip, portions of which have survived. From these we catch some very human glimpses of the life at the missions. They arrived at the mission late in the afternoon and Smith and Rogers were invited to dine at the mansion. "Here," says Rogers, "I was introduced to two priests over a glass of good old whiskey and found them to be very jovial friendly gentlemen. Plenty of good wine during supper, and before the cloth was removed cigars were introduced." Rogers was a strict Calvinist and he notes with surprise and evident relief that although all at the mission were "Catholicks by profession, they allow us the liberty of conscience and treat us as brethren." On the next day they were again invited to dine. Of this affair Rogers says, "When dinner was ready the priest came after us to go and dine; we were invited into the office and invited to take a glass of gin and water and eat some bread and cheese; directly after we were seated at dinner, and everything went on in style, both the priests being pretty merry." Rogers and Father Sanchez became great friends. "I must

say he is a very fine man and very much of a gentleman," says Rogers.

The Spanish authorities ordered Smith and his party out of the country, and after several weeks' delay they started back toward the mountains; but Smith had no intention of returning by the same route he had followed coming out. So he turned toward the north following generally along the western base of the Sierras though some distance away. After traveling in this direction for more than 300 miles the party encamped on a river supposed to be the Stanislaus. After hunting several days to replenish the food supplies they attempted to cross the Sierras but after suffering great hardships and losing several horses in the deep snows they were obliged to give up the attempt and return to the valley.

Leaving most of his party there Smith again started out to cross the mountains with two men and nine horses, the latter carrying food for man and beast on the long and trackless journey from the Stanislaus to the Great Salt Lake. He started on May 20, 1827, and traveled twenty-eight days before he reached "the southwest corner of Great Salt Lake."

It would be of great interest to us who live in the country he was the first to explore if we could trace with certainty the hazardous journey he made in 1827. Smith kept a journal of his travels and it was his intention to publish it, but most unfortunately his journal, maps, and other data were destroyed by fire in St. Louis. The only reliable information we have

as to his route across the Great Basin is contained in a letter which he wrote to Gen. Clark [of Lewis & Clark fame] written at Little Bear Lake, July 17, 1827, very soon after his return. In this letter he says:

"On May 20 I started with two men, seven horses and two mules, which I loaded with hay for the horses and provisions for ourselves, and succeeded in crossing it [the mountain] in eight days, having lost only two horses and one mule. I found the snow on the top of this mountain from 4 to 8 feet deep, but it was so consolidated by the heat of the sun that my horses only sunk from half a foot to one foot deep."

"After traveling twenty days from the east side of the mountain, I struck the S. W. corner of the Great Salt Lake, traveling over a country completely barren and destitute of game. We frequently traveled without water, sometimes for two days over sandy deserts, where there was no sign of vegetation, and when we found water in some rock hills we most generally found some Indians who appeared the most miserable of the human race, having nothing to subsist upon except grass seed, grasshoppers, etc., nor any clothing. When we arrived at the Salt Lake we had but one horse and one mule remaining, which were so feeble and poor that they could scarce carry the little camp equipage which I had along; the balance of my horses I was obliged to eat as they gave out."

This is the entire record of the first journey undertaken by white men across the Great Basin.

Smith's route has been variously located by different writers, some of whom have had him return to Salt Lake by the way of the Truckee and the Humboldt and others by the Santa Fe trail; but there seems no room to doubt that he crossed the Sierras somewhere to the south of the Yosemite, probably striking the west branch of the Walker river, following down that stream into Mason valley and thence directly across the Great Basin to Salt Lake. A few days later he joined his partners, Jackson and Sublette, at the annual rendezvous at Bear Lake on the headwaters of Bear river.

After a month at the rendezvous, on July 13th, he set out with nineteen men to rejoin his party in California. On this second trip he followed for the most part his route of the year before, going south to the Colorado river, thence west and south into California. While crossing the Colorado river his party was attacked by Indians and ten were killed, and all his provisions were lost. By forced marches the remainder of the party crossed the Mohave desert almost without food or water, in the heat of summer, and in nine days arrived at the San Gabriel Mission. Resting here a few days he pushed on to the north to join the party he had left on the Stanislaus in the previous May. He found them as destitute of supplies as he was himself.

This ends the chapter so far as Jedediah Smith's connection with the Great Basin is concerned. The thrilling adventures of Smith's expedition through interior California and its tragic fate on the Umpqua in Oregon, his return to his partners with only two survivors of his party, and his untimely death on the Santa Fe trail, constitute a story of absorbing interest. He was really one of the greatest of American explorers and his name ought to be perpetuated by some of the mountains or lakes or rivers that he discovered; but unfortunately he has been overlooked and well-nigh forgotten, while men of less merit and far less achievement, who followed the trails he was the first to open, have become the heroes of our western history.

JOSEPH WALKER, THE REAL PATHFINDER

The reports made by Jedediah Smith on his return from the barren lands south and west of Great Salt Lake were such as to discourage exploration in that direction and for several years thereafter no attempts were made to cross the Great Basin. The taking of furs in the streams which formed the headwaters of the Missouri, the Columbia and the Colorado, had gone on until, in 1833, it was evident that new grounds for trapping must be found or the business itself would soon be ruined.

In that year the great rendezvous of trappers and fur-traders was held on the headwaters of the Green river, in Wyoming. At that rendezvous were gathered the agents of all the great fur companies, and among others was Capt. Bonneville at the head of a company of nearly 200 men. He had the financial backing of wealthy men in New York and probably the most elaborate outfit ever sent into the mountains in the fur-trading business.

His expedition had thus far been a complete financial failure, and he had evidently come to the conclusion that the only hope for success in the future lay in finding new and fresh fields for trapping. Bonneville's chief success in life seems to lie in the fact that he later interested that great American writer, Washington Irving, in his story, and the publication of "Bonneville's Adventure" made him famous.

Bonneville's chief lieutenant was a hardy hunter and trapper named Joseph Walker. Born in Knoxville, Tennesee, in 1798, he was a child of the frontier, and in 1822 we find him acting as a guide and scout in the Indian country west of the Mississippi. He joined Bonneville's party, in St. Louis in 1832, and continued with him until 1835. After the rendezvous in the Spring of 1833 Bonneville arranged to send Walker on an expedition to the west. Washington Irving's account of the object and destination of this expedition, while no doubt as he received it from Bonneville, does not agree with

Walker's account, or with other contemporary accounts. According to Irving the intention was to explore the west shore of Great Salt Lake and to hunt for beaver in that vicinity. According to Walker his plans were to cross from the lake over to Ogden's river [now known as the Humboldt] and then to go West to the California mountains and find new streams for trapping.

Whatever Bonneville's real intention may have been Walker with a party of 40 men left Green river on July 24, 1833, for Great Salt Lake, and remaining in that vicinity only long enough to secure fresh buffalo meat, he left the west shore on Aug. 13th and took a westerly course across the barren plains. Walker had with him as a clerk one Zenas Leonard, who a few years later published the daily journal of his trip in a little country paper in Pennsylvania. Fortunately, files of the paper have been preserved and recently the journal has been published in book form. It is our chief source of information of this interesting voyage of discovery, but it falls far short of being a chart by which their route can be traced with exactness.

There is little doubt that after leaving the lake their route in a general way was that followed later by the emigrants and later still by the Central Pacific. The journal describes Pilot Peak and the sandy plains in that vicinity, and the finding of the headwaters of Ogden's river, which they called Berren river, and speaks of the Indians they met, as did

Smith, as being "of the most poor and dejected kind —entirely naked and very filthy.' From one Indian family living in a hut they obtained a beaver skin robe worth $40.00 for two awls and a fish-hook.

The journey continued down the river, the party trapping as it went. The Indians became more numerous and developed a habit of stealing traps and other material belonging to the party until the whites were out of patience. Capt. Walker, whether from motives of prudence or humanity, cautioned his men against any retaliation. This expedition has long borne the disgrace of cruel and wanton murder of innocent Indians, fastened upon it by Irving's narrative; it is pleasant to note in Leonard's journal that Walker constantly ordered his men not to kill the natives except as a last resort and in self-defense. Finally two of the party while out setting traps got into trouble with a party of Indians and shot two of them. Finding this out Capt. Walker hurried on down the river finally reaching Humboldt lake. The Indians had followed them and when the party encamped on the lake shore a large party of natives, as many as eight or nine hundred, Leonard says, issued from the tall grass and approached the camp. They were warned off by signs and by the shooting of guns. The next day the Indians continued to follow the whites in large numbers, and even surrounded them. Finally Capt. Walker concluded that the safety of his party depended upon drastic action and he ordered his men to charge on the Indians and drive them

Carson Desert at Parran, Nevada, the "Sink" of Carson and Humboldt Rivers

away. In the battle which ensued Leonard states that thirty-nine Indians were killed and the "remainder were overwhelmed with dismay" as we may easily imagine. "Our object," says Leonard, "was to strike a decisive blow. This we did—even to a greater extent than we intended."

On Oct. 10th the party came to a lake which Leonard says was formed by a stream which heads in a snow-covered mountain to the west. This was undoubtedly Carson Lake and the stream Carson river. The water in the lake, Leonard says, tasted like lye and was admirably adapted for washing clothes without soap. So far as known these were the first white people on the Carson river—and that was only eighty-five years ago.

As the experiences of Walker's party in the next few days relate to the very beginning of our local history it will be worth our while to consider them in some detail. While the exact route followed by Walker from Carson Lake to and across the Sierras has always been in doubt, it has generally been claimed by writers of Western history that he went south from Carson Lake to Walker river, thence to Walker Lake and then over the mountains by the pass at Bodie. A careful reading of the Leonard narrative would seem to indicate that Walker's party came up the Carson river, probably leaving the river at the present site of Empire and coming into Eagle valley where they camped, and that they finally left the valley for the mountains by way of the Kingsbury can-

yon. Supporting this view are Leonard's statements that on Oct. 11th they traveled up the river [i. e. the river emptying into the lake] "towards the mountains where we encamped for the night." "In the morning, (Oct. 13th), we despatched hunters to the mountains on search of game and also to look out for a pass." These hunters returned without game and reporting no pass in sight.

This means that the party came up to the vicinity of the mountains from Carson Lake in two days, and as they followed the river, it is evident that they did not take the route toward Walker river, but directlty toward the mountains. The only mountains they could have reached in two days' march would be in the vicinity of Eagle valley, near the present site of Carson City. One of the small parties of hunters who were looking for a mountain pass as well as game returned to camp on Oct. 12th, having in its possession, according to Leonard, one colt and a camel, which they had taken at an Indian Camp after the Indians had run away. Just what Leonard means by "a camel" is hard to say. On Oct. 13th hunting parties again set out but returned to camp without any game.

One of the parties reported that an Indian path had been found leading down from the mountains. The next day, Oct. 14th, the entire party set out "along the foot of the mountain in search of the path discovered in the previous day, and found it. On examination," says Leonard, "we found that horses

traveled it, and must of course come from the west. This gave us great encouragement. . . . Here we encamped for the night." If we are right in supposing that the first camp of the party was near the present site of Carson City, the day's journey along the foot of the mountain to the Indian path would take them hardly farther than Kingsbury canyon, a distance of seventeen miles. Another member of the party, Stephen Meek, in a newspaper account published the following year states that immediately following the Indian battle between Humboldt and Carson lakes, the party "traveled four days across the Salt plains, when they struck the California mountains." This would agree with Leonard's account.

On the other hand Walker himself told Col. Freemont several years later that he traveled southward day by day searching for the famous Bueneventura river which the old maps showed leading from the Great Basin to San Francisco Bay, and finally despairing of finding it, he had turned abruptly to the right and crossed the great chain of the Sierras. It is impossible with the data now possessed to determine the route followed, but the evidence points strongly to the Kingsbury canyon route.

After camping at the foot of the mountain where the Indian path came down they started next morning on their arduous trip across the Sierras. Leonard says, "Ascending the mountain we found to be very difficult from the rocks and its steepness. We made

poor speed and encamped on the side of the mountain . . . the next afternoon we arrived at what we took to be the top where we again encamped without anything to eat for our horses, as the ground was covered with deep snow." From the time they entered the mountains, Oct. 15th, to the time they reached the San Joaquin Valley two weeks later there is little to indicate the route they followed; so far as Leonard's descriptions are concerned it might have been anywhere in the Sierras after the snow began to fall. Owing to the depth of the snow in the gulches they followed the ridges as much as possible. At one point of their trip Leonard describes the streams as precipitating "themselves from one lofty precipice to another until they are exhausted in rain below. Some of these precipices appeared to us to be more than a mile high." Walker claimed to have discovered the Yosemite on this trip and his claim has been generally accepted. Leonard's description would apply to the Yosemite and it is probable that the party traveled along its border, but did not enter the valley.

All this however is outside the Great Basin and not strictly pertinent to our story. Walker's party crossed the San Joaquin Valley, went down the south side of the Sacramento, skirted the east shore of San Francisco Bay, and reached the ocean west of San Jose. Later they went to Monterey, then the Spanish capital of California. They spent most of the

winter in that vicinity and on the San Joaquin river near its junction with King's river.

In the middle of February they began their homeward trip to the Great Salt Lake. They traveled up the San Joaquin river to the base of the mountains, thence south along the mountain range looking for a pass, as they had on the eastern side the year before. Finally they fell in with a large band of Indians some of whom could speak Spanish, who guided them to a pass over the mountains south of Mt. Whitney, now known as Walker's pass. They were four days in the snow going over this pass and came down into the Great Basin south of Owen's Lake. Turning thence to the north they skirted the base of the mountains in order to have water from the mountain streams and grass for their stock. They followed up Owens Valley for its entire length and passed over the divide south of Sodaville. They were now looking for the point where they started to cross the Sierras in October.

Knowing that their real route to Salt Lake was almost east and desiring to get there as soon as possible, they decided to leave the mountains and cross the plains in a northeasterly direction expecting in a few days to reach the Barren river, as they called the Humboldt. They undoubtedly started from the mountains near the dry lake south of Sodaville, and for two days crossed the sandy deserts without food or water for their animals. Finally it was decided to turn back to the mountains and after twenty-four

hours of forced march they suddenly came about midnight to "a beautiful stream of fresh water." This was of course the Walker river. In this vicinity having found pasture for their stock they rested for a day.

"The next morning," says Leonard, "our stock having rested, we resumed our journey along the edge of the plain, traveled as fast as their weakened state would admit of . . . until after several days constant traveling we fortunately came to our long sought for passage to the west." This statement by Leonard is conclusive evidence to my mind that Walker's party crossed the Sierras from Eagle valley in 1833 and that it did not discover the Walker river which Fremont afterwards named for him until its return in 1834.

Leonard further says that after resting a day at this point (where they had started to cross the mountain in October) they "left the California mountains, and took a northeast direction, keeping our former path. . . . After continuing our course in this direction for a few days we at length arrived in the neighborhood of the lakes at the mouth of Barren river." It is evident that this remark would not apply either in direction traveled or time consumed if the Walker party had left the Great Basin to cross the Sierras at a point south of Walker Lake; while it exactly applies both as to direction and time if they went over Kingsbury canyon, or some other pass, from Carson valley.

At the lakes at the mouth of Barren river, they again had an encounter with the Indians, and they named the lakes Battle Lakes. The Indians appeared in even greater numbers than the year before and were evidently bent on avenging the death of their friends; at least that was the idea they gave to the whites. Leonard says: "We had used every endeavor that we could think of to reconcile and make them friendly but all to no purpose . . . Being thus compelled to fight, as we thought, in a good cause and in self-defense, we drew up in battle array, and fell on the Indians in the wildest and most ferocious manner we could, which struck dismay throughout the whole crowd, killing fourteen, besides wounding a great many more as we rode right over them . . . This decisive stroke appeared to give the Indians every satisfaction they required as we were afterwards permitted to pass through the country without molestation. We then continued our course up Barren river without meeting anything to interrupt us until about the 30th of June when we found that if we continued in this direction our provisions would become scarce long before we would reach the Rocky Mountains; and accordingly on the 21st our Captain decided on leaving this river and taking a northern direction for the purpose of striking the headwaters of the Columbia river where we would find game plenty and also beaver. After leaving Barren river we made a quick passage across the country and the first water we came to was the

Lewis river, near its head where we found game such as deer, elk, bear and beaver plenty." It is probable that the stream which Leonard says was the Lewis river was either the Owyhee or some more easterly branch of the Snake. Having now reached a country well watered and abounding in game they took an easterly course and rejoined Capt. Bonneville's party on Bear river on July 12, 1834, having been absent nearly a year.

Bonneville represents himself to Irving as having been much disgusted with Walker for crossing the Great Basin and going to California; but it is evident that his only disappointment lay in the fact that Walker did not succeed in finding a promising beaver country, and that the cost of the trip had greatly encroached upon his resources.

Walker remained with Bonneville another year as his confidential agent and later became a well-known guide for the emigrant trains which in 1844 began to cross the Great Basin bound for California, and also for Fremont in the expedition of 1845. The route from Salt Lake to the Sierras which he was the first to travel had become one of the great roadways of commerce and civilization. There was some ground for Walker's complaint that the title of Pathfinder should have been bestowed upon Fremont who did not enter the Basin until after Walker had crossed it at least four times.

Channel of Humboldt River Near Rye Patch, Nev., Excavated in the Deposits of Former Lake Lahontan

THE DEW AND THE ROSE

SAM P. DAVIS

While you are the rose and I am the dew,
I will come when the twilight dims the west,
And seeking no other flower than you,
Will make your petals my couch of rest.

I will rise on the rays of the morning sun,
And fly with the winds o'er the fog-swept sea,
And when the sunlight its course had run,
In the hush of the evening I'll come to thee.

I will come in the gloom of the blackest night,
Scenting your fragrance from afar;
For love will show me my path aright,
Without the gleam of a single star.

How I have hated the pitiless day
That severs me from your fond embrace;
And how I have longed for the kindly night
That shows to me your beautiful face.

Jealous of every wandering bee
That from your heart its sweetness sips;
And raging at every wolfish wind
That pauses to prey on your petaled lips.

The thought that you lie in a shroud of snow
Is sackcloth and ashes to my soul;
While I am one with the sullen seas
That surge round the icy pole.

You will drift back to the earth again
On the tide of the rippling years;
And I will come in the carolling spring,
To drench you with love's tears.

What anguish of spirit to think of the day
When life and love are gone;
You in the sheltering arms of death,
But I must live on and one.

OUR DECEASED MEMBERS*

1916-1920

*See Footnote, Table of Contents

THOMAS RICHARD BANNERMAN

IN MEMORIUM

Thomas Richard Bannerman

Born, Dublin, Ireland, December 19, 1844.

Died, San Francisco, June 19, 1920.

Charter Member of the Nevada Historical Society.

Mr. Bannerman was educated in the National schools and in the Teachers' Training School, Dublin, and became a teacher in his native city. He took a leading part in the unsuccessful attempt, in 1867, of the young men of Ireland to throw off the British yoke and establish an Irish Republic. The movement was crushed by British military might, and all of the leaders who were taken paid the penalty with their lives. Mr. Bannerman succeeded in escaping from Ireland in disguise, and reached New York in April, 1867. He received his full certificate of citizenship on September 23, 1872, and for nearly fifty years was a loyal American citizen.

In politics he was always a staunch Republican. His first employment in this country was in newspaper and magazine work in New York. In 1870 he went to Ireland to claim Miss Elizabeth Kenny as his bride. A few days later they left for New York. In 1873 he was appointed private secretary to Postmaster Thomas L. James of New York. He

filled this position for eight years, during which time he served as secretary of the first Civil Service Board. When Postmaster James was named Postmaster General of President Garfield's cabinet he sought to take Mr. Bannerman with him to Washington, but the call of the West had reached Mr. Bannerman, and he accepted, instead, an appointment as Post Office Inspector. In this capacity he first visited Nevada in November, 1882, and was here off and on, until 1887, when he located in San Francisco and engaged in mercantile life.

In 1902, shortly after the discovery of gold by Jim Butler, he moved to Tonopah, and becoming interested in mining ventures, remained until 1906. While in Tonopah he was most active in the affairs of the camp, and served as President of the Board of Trade and President of the Mispah Club. It was during this time that he sought and obtained membership in the Nevada Historical Society.

After his return to San Francisco he served as president of the San Francisco school board under Mayor Edward Robeson Taylor.

The San Francisco Star said of him: "He is a public-spirited citizen, who did good by stealth, shunning all publicity, feeling amply rewarded by the inner consciousness of having rendered some little service to his fellowmen."

Col. Joseph Anthony Conboie

IN MEMORIUM

Col. Joseph Anthony Conboie

1830-1918

Charter member and life member of the Nevada Historical Society.

Joseph Anthony Conboie was born in Ireland in 1830. Before coming to Nevada he lived in a number of places in the United States, among them San Jose and Sacramento. In San Jose he was engaged in the mercantile business. In Sacramento his occupation was that of an undertaker, and this work seems to have been the thing that eventually took him to Virginia City in the bonanza days. There he lived until a few years before his death, when he returned to San Jose and became a resident of the Odd Fellows Home of California located at Saratoga, California. At this place he passed away on April 11, 1918, at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

Mr. Conboie was active in fraternal orders. He was a member of Eureka Lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F. of Sacramento and retained his membership there up to the time of his death. He passed through the chairs at Sacramento and was presiding officer in 1865.

Mr. Conboie was also active in politics and other public affairs. He was a member of the Sacramento

Fire Department in the early days, and had several commissions in the California Sharp Shooters, in the State Militia, and in the National Guard of California. He had three commissions in the Nevada National Guard, from Governors Colcord, Jones and Sadler, respectively. He was a member of Governor Sadler's staff which in 1899 helped at the Reno Reception for Nevada Cavalry returned from Manila. He also served at one time as County Clerk and Treasurer of Storey County.

Mr. Conboie was a man of scholarly tastes and possessed an instinctive desire to collect historical data and relics. He was the owner of one of the finest cabinets in the state. His generosity and public spirit were manifested by the rare gifts which he, a poor man, gave to the Nevada Historical Society. The mineral cabinet of many hundreds of rare specimens, would, if sold or melted down for values, have brought him many comforts in his declining years. A bound file of the Sacramento Daily Union from 1863 to 1874 had also a commercial value. A Mark Twain revolver and the J. Neely Johnson derringers were three of the choicest of a large number of curios. Practically everything he possessed he gave to this Society and thus to the State that he loved best. These gifts will be preserved as a memorial of him.

SAMUEL POST DAVIS

IN MEMORIUM

Samuel Post Davis

1850-1920

Charter Member of the Nevada Historical Society.

An appreciation by his lifelong friend,
Sam C. Dunham

I met Sam Davis for the first time forty-five years ago in Sacramento, where he was the legislative reporter for a San Francisco newspaper—he a young man of twenty-three and I a stripling of eighteen, a compositor on The Sacramento Union, just arrived from a tour of the territories and all states west of the Mississippi as a peripatetic assembler of the little metallic levers that move the world. From then until his death on March 17th of last year we were friends and our pathways crossed many times in the intervening years.

Sam was just then beginning a brilliant career that soon placed him high up in that remarkable galaxy of California and Nevada writers which included such names as Bret Hart, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Sam Seabough, Dan DeQuille, Joseph T. Goodman, Rollin M. Daggett, Charles C. Goodwin, and Arthur McEwen. As an all-round reporter and as a special

writer on current events he was the peer of the best of these, albeit he was much younger than the youngest of them, and had it not been for the fortuity which in the early 'eighties exiled him to Nevada and imposed on him a life sentence to the daily grind of a Carson City newspaper, he might easily have taken his place as a poet with Brete Hart or as a humorist with Mark Twain. His charm as a poet is felt in reading his "Lure of the Sage-brush," "Battle-Born," "The Gleaners," "The Hour," etc., and his fine sense of humor makes The First Piano in Camp a little classic.

That the merit of Sam's poetry was not as enthusiastically recognized by the Eastern publishers as he felt it should have been is shown by the following extract from a letter written by him at his home in Carson City on New Year's Eve eleven years ago and addressed to me at my home in Tonopah, where I was editor of The Miner, to which Sam occasionally contributed. A short time before he had sent me a copy of his poem on "Jealousy," with an intimation that if it received my approval he would send it to Harper's Magazine. Of course, I liked it and I advised him to send it on at once—that it was just the kind of poetry Harper's wanted, or ought to want.

I have just been thinking [wrote Sam] of another verse to wedge into that poem I sent you. Here it is:

Jealous of every wandering bee
That from your heart its sweetness sips,
And aflame at every wolfish wind
That pauses to prey on your petaled lips.

I rather think this hits off the jealousy idea about right. As a matter of fact, I have never had the slightest idea what jealousy feels like. . . .I am afraid the comparison of the wind to the wolf is a little too strong for Harper's. . . . I hope my poem will not "come back," but I'll bet you even money it does. I thought the idea worth dressing up for some magazine, but I have little hope of its acceptance. I have been bombarding the magazines with my poems for a good many years, but none of them seem to land. Yet I think I write a good thing now and then, as you think you do. Speaking between ourselves, maybe our poetry is of the "posthumous" brand, and possibly after we are dead we may go clattering arm in arm down the coroders of fame (excuse spelling of coriders) at a two-forty clip.

Any "reader" who ever handled Sam's copy will appreciate his apology for his orthographic weakness. This apparent lapse from the conventional spelling of "corridors," however, was merely a pleasantry suggested by my criticism in a recent letter, of his persistent disregard of the rules laid down by Mr. Webster. In this instance it is safe to assume that Sam consulted the dictionary to make sure that he did not spell the word correctly!

Sam Davis was the greatest story-teller whom I have ever known—and his stories were always clean! He was an eloquent orator, many of those who heard him maintaining that he possessed greater power as a speaker than as a writer. This single paragraph from his address on "Electricity," delivered at the celebration of the introduction of electrical power on the Comstock about twenty years ago, will serve as a sample of the whole:

"It plants the first blush upon the cheek of dawn; with brush of gold upon the glowing canvas of the west it tells the story of the dying day. At its mere whim and caprice it causes a thousand pillars of light to leap from the sullen seas that surge about the Pole, and on its shimmering loom it weaves the opalescent tapestries of the Aurora to hang against the dark background of the Arctic night."

Sam Davis was born in Branford, Conn., April 4, 1850. In his early 'teens his father, who was an Episcopalian clergyman, sent him to Racine College, in which institution he spent three years, after which he joined his family in the West, where he began his newspaper career as managing editor of The Vallejo Independent in 1872.

He had the placid temperament of a New Englander which the romantic West fanned into a flame that never wholly burned out until he died. He was possessed of superhuman strength and vitality; required little sleep, and could produce in longhand

more manuscript in a working-day than the average correspondent could produce in three.

In the 'eighties he moved to Nevada, where he took over The Carson Appeal, which, under his editorship, became celebrated throughout the United States. In his later years he was known as "The Sage-brush Oracle."

He served Nevada for eight years as State Comptroller, elected twice as the candidate of the Silver party, which he was largely instrumental in organizing in 1898. He was generous, fearless and honest. He would have done honor to Nevada in the United States Senate if she had sent him there—but he lacked the one great essential to such preferment in the Sage-brush state!

Sam Davis was the last of that august company of magicians of the pen who told from first-hand knowledge the wonderful story of the Builders of the West so eloquently described by his friend and mentor, Rollin M. Daggett, in "My New Year's Guests":

The giants with hopes audacious; the giants of iron limb;
The giants who journeyed westward when the trails were new and dim;
The giants who felled the forests, made pathways o'er the snows,
And planted the vine and fig tree where the manzanita grows;

Who swept down the mountain gorges and painted
their endless night
With their cabins rudely fashioned and their camp-
fires' ruddy light;
Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert
plain,
And where there had been no reapers, grew valleys
of golden grain;
Who builded great towns and cities, who swung back
the Golden Gate,
And hewed from the mighty ashlar the form of a
sovereign state.

New York City, May 20, 1919.

EDWIN F. FABER

IN MEMORIUM

Edwin F. Faber

Born, February 3, 1891.

Died, June 1, 1918.

Edwin F. Faber, member of the C. A. M. C., 4th Canadian Field Ambulance Corps, was killed in France, by an exploding shell as he was leaving his dugout. He enlisted early in 1917, and, after a short period of training in Canada, he was sent overseas, and served in almost every capacity of hospital work from ambulance driver to stretcher bearer. A few months before his death he was stricken with trench fever and sent back from the front to recuperate in a London hospital. He recovered quickly and returned to the front, and only a few days later he was killed. He is buried in the Wailley Orchard cemetery in France.

For several years before his enlistment, Mr. Faber was a student at the University of Nevada, having been attracted to the West from his home in Peoria, Illinois. During his years at the University, he assisted as a man of all work at the Nevada Historical Society and largely paid his expenses at the University from the money thus earned. This was in the years immediately following the erection of the Society's temporary building. Mr. Faber, with his

all-around skill as a mechanic, provided the building with many of its homemade conveniences, among which were a number of museum cases which are still in use there.

The Nevada Historical Society is composed in the main of men and women who have reached or passed the meridian of life, and Edwin Faber therefore has the distinction of being the only member of this organization who gave his life in the recent war.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

ROBERT L. FULTON

IN MEMORIUM

Robert L. Fulton

1847-1920

Charter member and First President of the Nevada Historical Society.

By Dr. H. W. Hill

Robert L. Fulton was born at Ashland, Ohio, March 6, 1847 of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He received his education in the common schools of the State and in the University of life. Gifted with keen powers of observation and impelled by a vivid intellectual curiosity, until the day of his death he sought learning covering a wide range of subjects. This learning ripening into wisdom he applied to the tasks set him by necessity and to the larger task of upbuilding his beloved West.

At an early age he decided upon a business career, and after a short period as clerk in a store he entered the service of the Erie Railroad as a telegraph operator. In this field he advanced rapidly to the position of conductor. At this time a group of far-seeing men had started the construction of a railroad to the Pacific Ocean. He saw here a splendid opportunity and hastened to volunteer his services. He was given a position as train dispatcher, a position he held until the completion of the road.

When the road was finished he accepted a position with the company as land agent. In this capacity he had in his charge the examination and settlement of the railroad lands from Colfax to Ogden. Here was the work for which he was preeminently fitted and he went to work with a will. He published a newspaper for a number of years, he delivered addresses throughout the State and before societies and associations, and he wrote many articles setting forth the advantages of the West. The best known of his articles was the one published in the New York Tribune, under the title, "Eloquent Plea—Nevada Only Assailed by Ignorance." But his work was not merely the advertising of the State. He helped in reclamation projects large and small, encouraged better farming methods, and vigorously supported the extension of educational privileges.

He took an active part in the political affairs of the State particularly where moral issues were concerned. In 1889 he led the fight against the Louisiana Lottery Bill which had been passed by the Legislature, and succeeded in getting it voted down by the people. Again when the same bill came up in 1901 he led the fight to a successful finish. Later he took a prominent part in the passing of the measure prohibiting all percentage games in the state.

For forty-five years his fortunes have been closely bound up with the fortunes of Nevada. His wide experience, his richly stored memory and inimitable

gift for expression made him a dominant figure wherever he went. In a review of the life and character of Robert Fulton the outstanding feature is his splendid personality. This personality impressed itself in a thousand ways on his intimate friends and the State at large. He will long be remembered as a public spirited citizen, shaper of the destinies of the Commonwealth, and delightful friend.

Senator William Crane Gallagher

IN MEMORIUM

Senator William Crane Gallagher

Born, Sackville, New Brunswick, June 11, 1820.
Died, Ely, Nevada, May 17, 1918.

Senator Gallagher was for nearly fifty years a resident of Nevada. He came west in 1870, and located at Hamilton. Later he went into business for himself in Eureka where he remained until 1875 when he purchased a ranch on Duck Creek not far from the present town of McGill. Here he lived for nearly thirty years and made the ranch one of the beauty spots of White Pine County. It was with regret that he later saw this ranch, after its sale to the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, practically ruined by the diversion of its water for the use of the works at McGill.

In 1904 the family moved to Ely and in the same year Mr. Gallagher was elected to the State Senate where he served four years with honor to himself and to the community. In this capacity he was the active friend of the Nevada Historical Society, being one of the men who helped to pass the law making this a State institution.

Mr. Gallagher was interested in local political life and in that of fraternal orders. He served on the board of county commissioners for White Pine dur-

ing a period of sixteen years. It was during his incumbency that the county seat was moved from Hamilton to Ely after the Court House at Hamilton was destroyed by fire. In fraternal life he belonged to the Odd Fellows, the Masonic order and to others and had held the highest offices in all. He was also a vestryman of the Episcopal Church in Ely. As one of his townsmen said of him: "He had the rare faculty of winning not only the respect and friendship but also the love of his associates and the whole community mourns his death as the loss of a dear friend." *

*Data taken from the Ely Record, May 24, 1918.

Senator Charles S. Greene

IN MEMORIUM

Senator Charles S. Greene

Born, County Donegal, Ireland, October 31, 1833.

Died, Berkeley, California, November 14, 1919.

Charter Member of the Nevada Historical Society.

By Timothy J. O'Brien

Charles S. Greene was born in the County Donegal and, like all that hail from that particular part of Ireland, was noted for the staunchness of his convictions. He emigrated to the United States in his early manhood, stopping for some years in the city of Philadelphia. But the injunction "Go West young man" had too great a meaning for him so he journeyed to California. His stay in the latter state was, however, of short duration and he finally settled in Egan Canyon, eventually taking up farming with the late Patrick Lagan. In 1878 he married his boyhood sweetheart and for nearly forty years lived at the old ranch at Cherry Creek, White Pine County, Nevada. During his life at the ranch he was elected three times to the Assembly. That he served his county well is evidenced by the fact that the residents of White Pine County then sent him to the Senate as their representative. His political career was an hon-

orable one and it was his advancing years only which deterred him from continuing still further. He was a Democrat and left no one in doubt that he was a staunch one. Feeling old age creeping upon him, he disposed of the ranch and with his beloved wife, went to live for a few years in California. Longing for Nevada, they decided to go to Reno, where Mrs. Greene died. The Senator then returned to the home of his niece, Mrs. T. J. O'Brien, Berkeley, California, with whom he lived for the last five years of his life, but his heart was always in Nevada. Shortly before his death he earnestly requested, in fact insisted, that he should be buried beside his dear wife in the State he loved. He passed away on November 14th, 1919. His last wish was respected and his body now rests in the Catholic Cemetery at Reno, Nevada.

Senator Alfred W. Holmes

IN MEMORIUM

Senator Alfred W. Holmes

Member Executive Council of the Nevada Historical Society.

Born, Nova Scotia, January 1, 1864.

Died, Reno, Nevada, March 15, 1919.

Hon. Alfred W. Holmes was educated in Nova Scotia and at an early age learned the plastering trade, which he followed all his life. He came to Reno in 1889 after a short residence in Wyoming. From the beginning of his citizenship in Nevada he was interested in public affairs. He served in the state legislature during a period of eight years, being a member of the assembly from 1905 to 1908 and a senator from 1909 to 1912. He was also one of the most prominent fraternal men in Nevada, having served as Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Nevada from 1916-1917, and at the time of his death he was Grand Master of the Odd Fellows of Nevada. He was also past master of a number of fraternal orders. Mr. Holmes was a lover of humanity and was widely known for his charitable acts which were performed without ostentation and as a matter of course.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

In the City of Reno, on the evening of March 15, 1919, Mr. A. W. Holmes, a member of the Executive Council of the Nevada Historical Society, passed from earth. The loss of a man who was so warm a friend and supporter of this local historical work deserves from his survivors in charge of the State Historical Society an appropriate recognition; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Holmes the State and this Society have sustained the serious and irreparable loss of a man whose wise counsels and practical helpfulness have been of unusual assistance in placing the Society upon a secure basis in these early trying years of its existence.

Resolved, That the members of this Society do truly mourn the passing of Mr. Holmes as one who, even during his last illness, was working to secure helpful legislation for the Society from the Twenty-ninth Legislature, and was assisting in framing county committees for the collection of war history should the hoped-for legislation be secured.

Resolved, That the officers of this Society do extend to the family of Mr. Holmes their sincere sympathy in this hour of deep sorrow, and that these res-

olutions be spread upon the records of this Society, be printed in the next volume of Historical Papers, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the family of the departed.

G. F. TALBOT, President,
H. E. REID,
A. E. HERSHISER,
JEANNE ELIZABETH WIER.

March 16, 1919.

FRANK M. LEE

IN MEMORIUM

Frank M. Lee

Born, Long Valley, California, January 10, 1867.

Died, Reno, Nevada, August 17, 1918.

Charter Member of the Nevada Historical Society.

Mr. Lee came to Washoe County with his parents as a child in the early sixties, and here he spent his life. After a few years at Virginia City, and then on a farm in Long Valley, the elder Lee brought his family to Reno in the early seventies and engaged in business. Frank Lee attended the schools here until he was sixteen years of age, when he associated himself with his father's business. Upon his father's death in 1886, the boy began his career as a banker in connection with the First National Bank of Reno. When this institution was merged with the Washoe County Bank, he became assistant cashier and a director of the enlarged bank.

In 1901 he became cashier of the First National Bank of Winnemucca, succeeding the late Senator George S. Nixon, who had been cashier of that institution. At this time began the close association with the Nixon interests which was always maintained during Senator Nixon's life.

In 1906 Mr. Lee became associated with George

S. Nixon and George Wingfield in the organization at Reno of the Nixon National Bank, which soon afterward took over the business of the Bank of Nevada. The Nevada Savings and Trust Company was organized at the same time to handle the savings business of the two institutions. Mr. Lee became cashier of both institutions and in 1909 became vice-president of the two banks.

During the years of Senator Nixon's presidency of the Nixon National Bank and its affiliated institutions, Mr. Lee was the active executive officer, and to his ability and energy the great success of these institutions was due.

During the latter years of Senator Nixon's life Mr. Lee was the active and confidential representative of his banking and other interests in Nevada. He became for a time president of the Reno National, but a little later, upon reorganization of the bank under the control of George Wingfield, who became its president, Mr. Lee resumed the office of vice-president, remaining the active executive officer.

The deceased was during his entire career one of the most influential leaders in the Nevada banking field. He took the leading part in the organization of the Reno Clearing House Association during the financial crisis of 1907 and he was one of the leading organizers of the Nevada Bankers' Association in 1908. He had been for a long time also vice-

Santa Clara County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

president and director of the First National Bank of Winnemucca and the Carson Valley Bank.

In his private life Mr. Lee was a prominent figure in social and fraternal circles. He was a member of Winnemucca Lodge, F. & A. M., of which he was past master; the Royal Arch Chapter, R. A. M., of Reno; DeWitt Clinton Commandery of Knights Templars; Kerak Temple of Shriners, and was a past exalted ruler of the Reno Lodge of Elks. He was vice-president of the Reno Commercial Club at one time, and was a member of the board of directors of this club for several years.*

*From the Coast Banker, September, 1918.

Mrs. Leoline Margaret Lewis

IN MEMORIUM

Mrs. Leoline Margaret Lewis

Born, Circleville, Ohio, 1857.
Died, Genoa, Nevada, July 31, 1918.

Mrs. Leoline Margaret Lewis was one of the few pioneer women of the very early days of Carson Valley. She was a sister of William Cradlebaugh, or "Uncle Billie," as he was familiarly known, who was also a veteran of the Mexican war. Another brother was Judge Cradlebaugh, who under President Buchanan was appointed the first territorial Judge of the 2nd Judicial district of Utah in 1857, which position he held until the territory of Nevada came into existence, when he was selected as the first delegate to Congrss. During the Civil War he returned to Ohio and raised a regiment but because he was a resident of Nevada, he was unable to secure his commission until President Lincoln acted in his behalf. He led his troops with great gallantry and was wounded several times. The sister, Miss Leoline Cradlebaugh, made the presentation speech when the ladies of Bloomington, Illinois presented a flag to Infantry Company B on May 10, 1861. The next year she married Ira A. Lewis and in 1863 they moved to Nevada. There in Douglas County, Mrs. Lewis made her home until her death.*

*Data from the Record-Courier, August 2, 1918.

The following extract from her presentation speech 1861, shows how worthy she was to be a leader and a pioneer in this Western country.

"Men of McLean County, now soldiers of Illinois and of the United States. . . We do not fear for your hearts in the hour of fight, for its high excitements are said to nerve even cowards to brave deeds; but in the solitary hours of the nightwatch, in the painful hours of sickness, in the weary hours of marching and waiting, let it soothe you and strengthen you, and make you patient as well as brave, to feel that we, whom you have left, are relying upon you to bear your whole burden with steady zeal; and let our colors be the symbol of the constant presence of our hopes, our trust, our love and our sympathy with you all in your labors.

We dare not even hope that you will all return. Our country asks of our sons even their lives. But in no better or holier cause can they be given than in sustaining wherever it floats, the flag of the free. It must not fall, though America's sons fall all around it.

Men of McLean, you have the noble cause; in these starry banners we give you its symbol; receive them and with them the battle-cry, 'For God and our country, for liberty and the right, Forward!' "

UNITED STATES SENATOR FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS

IN MEMORIUM

United States Senator Francis G. Newlands

1848-1917

Charter Member of the Nevada Historical Society.

By James D. Finch

Francis G. Newlands passed away on the 24th day of December, 1917, at his residence in Washington, D. C. At the time of his death he was United States Senator from Nevada, having been re-elected in 1914, his term of office not expiring until March 4, 1921.

He was born in Natchez, Mississippi, August 28, 1848. His education was received from private tutors and at Yale University and Columbian Law College. When twenty-two years of age he was admitted to the practice of law at Washington, D. C., but immediately thereafter removed to San Francisco where he soon became a leader of the bar.

As general counsel for the mining interests of Senator Sharon on the Comstock, the young barrister frequently visited Nevada, and in 1888 he moved to this State.

In 1894 Mr. Newlands was first elected to Congress and was re-elected in 1896, 1898 and 1900. While serving in the House of Representatives he

became a leader in the fight for the remonetization of silver and also was a pioneer in the campaign for government aid in irrigation of the arid lands of the West, which culminated in the passage of the Newlands Reclamation Act under which the great irrigation project at Fallon, Nevada, was made possible and which project now bears his name.

In 1902, he was elected to the United States Senate and re-elected in 1908 and 1914. At the time of his demise he had served only about one-half of the term which began on March 4, 1915.

Nevada has been fortunate in having men of distinction and ability to represent her in Congress, but none held a higher place in the esteem of the nation and the State than Francis G. Newlands. Although he was a Democrat in politics, yet he was not a partisan; he was a believer in party organization, but he frequently rose above narrow partisanship when measures for the good of the nation or State were under consideration. He cared nothing for the spoils of office, but believed that fitness and good service were primary requisites for public office. No man had a stronger hold upon the confidence of the people of Nevada. They recognized his ability and his unselfish service for the public welfare. His position in the House and Senate was influential whether his own party or the opposition was in power.

Senator Newland's domestic life was ideal. In 1874 he was married to Clara Adelaide Sharon,

daughter of Senator Sharon of Nevada. Three daughters were born to them. In 1882 Clara Sharon Newlands passed away.

In 1888 Mr. Newlands was united in marriage to Miss Edith McAllister, daughter of the dean of the San Francisco bar, who survives him. She became his constant companion and through her charming personality and hospitality she attracted to their home in Nevada and at Washington hosts of friends and admirers.

He was a devoted husband and father, an indefatigable public servant, a genial, warm-hearted friend to those who knew him intimately, and a gentleman of culture and refinement always. His death was a distinct loss to the nation and to Nevada. He succumbed while performing his public duties after twenty-five years of continuous service on behalf of his state and country.

Richard A. Riepe

IN MEMORIUM

Richard A. Riepe

1848-1918

Life Member of the Nevada Historical Society.

By John F. Stromberg

Richard A. Riepe was born October 8, 1848. He came to this country when but a boy. It was in March of 1873, he came to Nevada, settling in Pioche, where he soon obtained employment. Later he bought out his employer and became prominent in other enterprises. He finally located in Ely, then a struggling mining camp, and became interested in mining here. Although prosperity seemed very remote at the time, he was a persistent believer in a great future in store for the little town. On August 27, 1887, he was appointed Postmaster of Ely.

As a Democrat, a proud member of the "Silver Party," he became actively interested in politics. He was serving as a member of the Board of County Commissioners of White Pine County, when the franchises were granted to the Nevada Northern Railway and to the Ely Water Company. He was once elected Assemblyman to the Nevada State Legislature. He was a member of the American Mining Congress, the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress and also a pioneer and life member of the

Trans-Mississippi Dry Farm Congress, to all of which he gave his hearty co-operation.

As an active life member of the Nevada State Historical Society, he always had the best interest of the Society at heart.

He married at the age of sixty, a culmination of an early romance, and although in his later years he lived in California, his love for Nevada and faith in her future development were paramount.

Mr. Riepe died in Oakland, California, January 21, 1918.

Adolphus William Wier

IN MEMORIUM

Adolphus William Wier

Born, near Berlin, July 12, 1844.
Died, Reno, Nevada, December 19, 1917.

By Dr. Romanzo Adams

A. W. Wier was for many years one of the foremost educators in the middle west. During the early years of his life he lived in Germany. He was four years old at the time of the Revolution of 1848 and he remembered the meetings of the revolutionists at his father's house where plans were discussed and made. Speaking of these occasions in later years, he said that he was permitted to be present at such meetings because they thought he was too young to understand, but he did understand, at least in part. It was this revolution that failed that led to the great immigration of Germans into the United States. These Germans who came before the Civil War came largely to secure political liberty and they showed their appreciation of that liberty by valiant service at the call of Lincoln. It was the German element in St. Louis that kept Missouri from seceding. General Siegel and Charles Schurz belonged to this group.

Soon after the failure of the Revolution, Mr. Wier's father died, and the older brother came to America, to be followed in 1858, by the mother

and younger children. They "settled" in Vernon County, Wisconsin, in what was then a pioneer region. When the Civil War came three of Mr. Wier's brothers volunteered, but he, a mere boy, remained with his mother, until the fourth year of the war, when he too enlisted, and fought under Sherman. At the end of the war he took up a homestead in western Iowa, but soon abandoned it to study at Iowa College in Grinnell. The rest of his life was devoted to educational work and he gained an enviable reputation in his profession throughout the middle west and in the western states. He served as superintendent of schools in one of the largest Iowa counties, and when failing health turned his footsteps westward, he became superintendent of large school systems in Oregon and California.

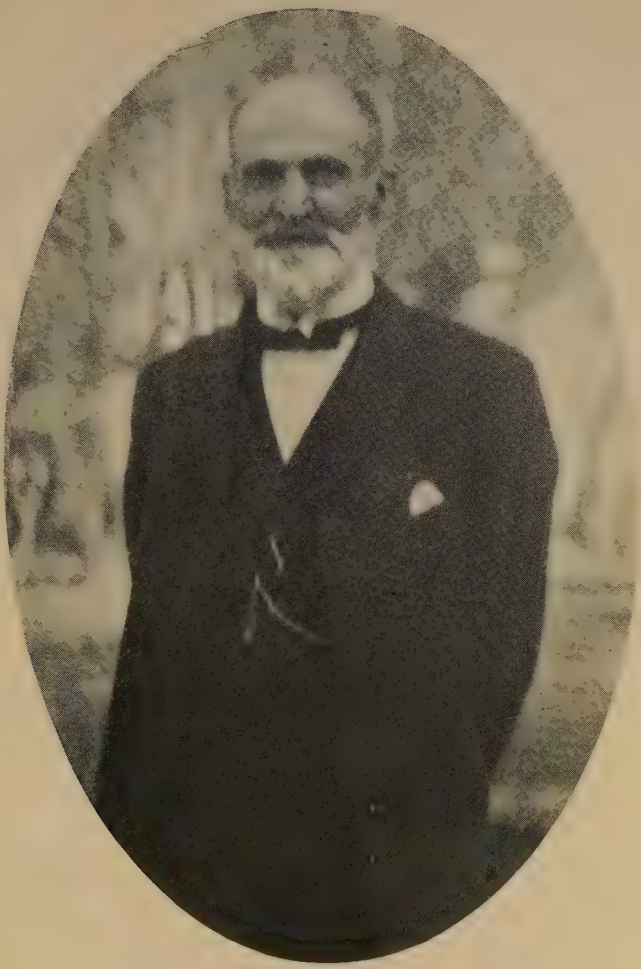
Mr. Wier never forgot the ideals which brought his family to America. He appreciated the political freedom and the opportunities America gave him and was loyal with no divided patriotism. In the recent war there was no one more anxious for the defeat of the Kaiser than he. He felt, moreover, that the defeat of the German armies was essential to the freeing of the German people. He was a man of pure, high ideality, in whom the love of liberty mingled with a passionate love for all things beautiful. He was spiritually minded and was a man of unusually sound scholarship.

Although seventy-three years old at the time of his death, he retained possession of all of his faculties

and was actively interested in all matters of public interest. He was well known in Reno, and among his close friends numbered many of the leading educators of this State.

The following resolution was adopted by the Board of Regents of the University at their December meeting:

"In the death of Adolphus W. Wier, father of Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, the University of Nevada recognizes the loss of one who has given rich and ungruding service to the cause of education, and who has unselfishly served the interests of the community and the state. The regents of the university desire to give to Miss Wier and to the other members of the family their sympathy for the loss of a devoted husband and loving father."



JOHN G. YOUNG

IN MEMORIUM

JOHN G. YOUNG

1837-1916

Charter Member of the Nevada Historical Society.

By Mrs. Fannie M. Waggoner

John G. Young was born at Grovenor's Corners, New York, April 25, 1837, where he was raised on a farm, worked his way through school and graduated from Whitestown Seminary after which he was granted a normal school diploma. He taught school in Wisconsin in his early years, returning to that profession later upon his removal to Mason Valley. In 1864 he crossed the plains with a band of horses and spent four years in the quartz mills at Virginia City.

During a second visit to Wisconsin in 1869 he married Miss Mary Rector, one of his former pupils. There were born to them four children, William, Grover, Florence, (Mrs. Atly) and Mabel (deceased). The family returned to Virginia City where Mr. Young worked in the quartz mill until 1882 at which time he homesteaded a ranch near Wabuska.

Mr. Young was a member of the Masons, of the Royal Arch and of the Eastern Star. He was de-

voted to his civic duties, serving as chairman of the Lyon County Board of Education and as Justice of the Peace of Wabuska Township. He was a member of the Nevada Historical Society and greatly interested in the preservation of the relics of his adopted state.

In his private life he was greatly beloved by friends and neighbors. He was one of the vast multitude who followed the star of empire on its westward way, a man of innate worth and sterling quality. His whole life felt the upward pull of inspiration and responded. His qualities as a friend and teacher left a mark on the lives of the young people of Mason Valley that will endure while life lasts for them. Mr. Young was an optimist, he saw always the bright side of life. His face was tipped toward the mountain tops. His interest in life was intelligent and active and his information was accurate. He took pleasure in much that is not found in books nor given as instruction in class rooms. He lived with confidence in himself.

He was buried at Yerington, March 29, 1916, under the auspices of the Masons and the Eastern Star.

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